

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THUMB MARKS IN A SHAKESPEARE

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THE VESUVIUS TATTOO

SIGHTSEERS FOR A GREAT EVENT

The Sleeping Fury that Woke Up for a While

UNTAMED FORCES OF THE EARTH

By this time Vesuvius, after its sudden rush of lava to the head, may have calmed down to its workaday flag-flying of a plume of smoke in the day-time and a faint, dull glow on top by night. On the other hand, it may not, and the trains to Naples may still be packed with excursionists anxious to see the eruption.

Thousands of sightseers have gone farther than Naples to see what Vesuvius can do, taking the little railway that begins not far from Pompeii and climbs high up the smoking mountain. They finish the rest of the journey over the dark ashes, going as near as they dare to the outer crater's rim on foot.

A Moment of Peril

One visitor who was taking a scientific interest in the eruption was very nearly overwhelmed by it. She was a woman professor at the Paris Sorbonne, and, accompanied by Professor Malladra of the Vesuvius Observatory, entered the less dangerous side of the crater to see the rising tide of molten lava.

It rose suddenly, threateningly; it cut her off and menaced her where she stood in a corner of the crater. It was fortunate for her that Professor Malladra, who knows a great deal of the habits of this sleeping fury, saw what was happening and called to his companion to stand still.

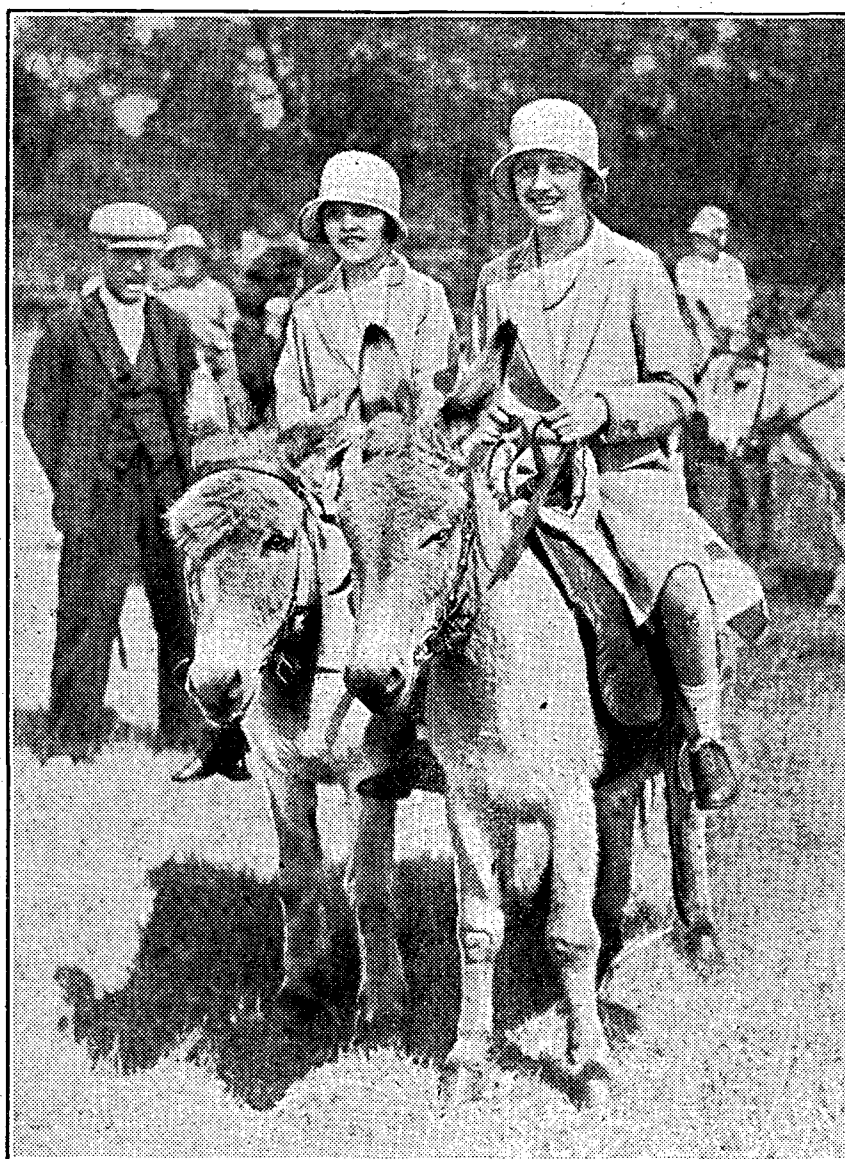
A Happy Escape

That was not easy with the sulphurous threat of lava creeping nearer and nearer, but Professor Malladra climbed round the crater till he reached a projection jutting above the Frenchwoman, and then let himself down beside her. Side by side they watched the island on which they stood grow smaller—till at last the Italian professor's practised eyes saw that the fury was abating, the flow had ceased. They escaped some hours after across the cooling lava.

That perilous thrill was not experienced by the stream of tourists who poured into the trains of Vesuvius, because they were not allowed to make their way beyond the barriers which marked the points of danger. But they were able to satisfy themselves with the sight of rocks flung up by the explosions of the crater and of towering pillars of smoke and steam, streaked with flame, rising a thousand feet or more above the volcano.

We cannot wonder at the anxiety of thousands to see this sight, for it is one which brings untamed and terrible forces close to the most peaceful and orderly civilisation. See World Map

Off for a Donkey Ride



This is the busiest time of the year for donkeys, as so many children, like the two girls in this picture, think that no holiday is complete without a donkey ride

A WIDE-AWAKE YOUNG MAN

The Sort of Boy Australia Wants

An Australian newspaper has been describing an instance of how the Commonwealth grows adaptable and resourceful youngsters.

A bad motor smash at one of the busiest street crossings in Melbourne demanded the attention of the policeman directing the traffic, and instantly there was a confused jam of moving motor-cars and other vehicles.

Jimmy Wilson, a newspaper lad, busy at this crowded place, saw what was wanted, took the policeman's station, and skilfully got the streams of traffic moving and stopping in an orderly way before the constable returned. When he did return Jimmy welcomed him with a grin, and then, fearing that he might have offended official dignity by showing how easily traffic could be managed, picked up his papers and bolted.

Melbourne is keeping its eye approvingly on that boy.

ENGLAND'S TREASURE VAULTS

As Safe as the Bank of England

The great task of rebuilding the Bank of England is proceeding steadily, and by the autumn the new impregnable vaults will be completed.

As befits the place where untold treasure must be deposited, these vaults will be of amazing strength. Their walls are built of huge blocks of reinforced concrete, six feet long, two feet wide, and two feet thick. The doors of steel 50 feet below the surface weigh over two tons each.

Outside these walls is an outer wall eight feet thick, and the vaults are commanded by a passage which armed guards patrol day and night. The whole cellar can be flooded on emergency by a secret device. A concrete shaft six feet in diameter will carry air to the three underground floors.

So this is what we mean when we repeat the familiar saying that a thing is as safe as the Bank of England.

COURAGE THAT IS WILLING TO DIE

The End of a Game of Bubbles

A HERO THOUSANDS MUST HAVE KNOWN

There is a little boy in Lambeth who fell from the steps by Westminster Bridge into the River Thames and is now alive and well, remembering only the fact that he was in the river for "an awful long time."

But there was a man who sprang in from the Embankment of the County Hall to save the boy, and was drowned in the attempt.

The Angel of Death swept over the two of them, the child and the man, but only the child emerged from the shadow into the sunlight again. The brave man who offered up his own life was swallowed up by the current and dragged underneath the surface by the weight of his clothing, and he was seen no more alive.

A Gallant Failure

For some days the very name of this hero remained unknown. The little boy was quickly recognised, for he was able to tell the policeman in the police-boat which rescued him that his name was Willie Lane, and where he lived. He and another boy had been leaning over the steps blowing bubbles from an old clay pipe when he toppled over into the swiftly flowing stream. The boy's companion rushed up the steps screaming for help, and a man standing by threw into the water a life-belt, to which Willie reached out an arm as the tide carried him beneath the arch of the bridge.

Then it was that the hundreds of passers-by saw a man leap into the river. Perhaps only a few realised what had happened or why he did it. One onlooker saw him clutch at the boy's clothing, miss it, and himself disappear just before a timely police boat shot across the river to effect the rescue in which the man had failed.

Unselfish Heroism

That is nearly all there is to tell of this sad story except the name of the unknown hero, which became known when the Thames police found his drowned body a few days later. It was James Reginald Jones, a dining-car attendant on the L.A.S., who lived at Wolverhampton. Thousands of travellers must have known him without knowing the hero he was. He was a young man, but he was not strong, and he was suffering from heart disease, yet he gave up his life as few of us would have dared to.

It is a melancholy tale, but we may not say that the man's life was given uselessly or in vain, for in death J. R. Jones left to the world an example of heroism that took no thought save for the help of another.

CANADA REMEMBERS THINKING OF HER HEROES ON HER BIRTHDAY

Unveiling of the Beautiful Chamber of Remembrance

PRINCE AND THE CROWN

Canada has paused in the midst of the celebrations of her Diamond Jubilee to dedicate a memorial, one of the most beautiful in the world, to the 60,000 Canadians who lost their lives in the war.

In the rebuilding of the Parliament House at Ottawa after the great fire eleven years ago a great Peace Tower was set up, and in this tower is a circular Memorial Chamber containing an altar on which is a Book of Remembrance with the names of the fallen. The Chamber is of Gothic architecture, its walls and vaulted ceiling being built of stone from Caen, presented by the people of France. The floor is of stone from the battlefields, presented by Belgium. In the centre is an altar of Yorkshire stone, presented by Britain.

Beauty of the Interior

Four chains from the ceiling support four bronze angels forming the canopy of the altar. Three groups of stained-glass windows represent the Call to Arms, Remembrance, and Peace. Between them, in the arched recesses of the walls, are marble panels with carved representations of incidents of the war. The whole effect, we are told, is extraordinarily beautiful.

The altar was dedicated by the Prince of Wales at the invitation of the Canadian Prime Minister. The bugles sounded the Last Post. A Silence of Remembrance followed, broken by the new carillon in the Peace Tower above playing O Valiant Hearts. Then Mr. Ralston, the Canadian Minister of Defence, and our own Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin (who has gone to Canada with the Prince of Wales), spoke of past griefs and future hopes, and the service ended with the sounding of Reveille and the national song O Canada, played by the carillon.

A Step Toward the Empire

At a great banquet in the Parliament House the night before the Prince of Wales spoke simply and earnestly of Canada and the Empire and his own relation to it. It was, he said, the Confederation of Canada 60 years ago which marked, if not the first, at least the clearest step toward the idea of a group of self-governing communities within the British Empire, equal in status and marked by common allegiance to the Crown.

"To me in particular (he continued), as the King's eldest son, the conception has a special importance, and in whatever part of the Empire I may be I try always to keep it in mind. The Crown stands above all distinctions of country, race, and party, and serves to make a unity wherein all such differences are transcended. If some day it should fall to my lot to assume that high responsibility I trust I may be found worthy of it."

Mr. Baldwin has celebrated his own Diamond Jubilee during the tour. He is the same age as the Dominion of Canada.

THE SOYA BEAN A New Crop for England

At last the soya bean has been acclimatised in England, and a valuable new crop is available for our farmers.

Mr. North, curator of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park, has been patiently and skilfully experimenting for 14 years, and now has enough seed acclimatised to sow two acres, which should produce enough for a hundred acres next year.

The fat from the bean, used for the best soaps, is yielding £84 a ton at present, and the oil is used for innumerable purposes, including printer's ink.

TWO MEN IN YUKON The Lonely Outposts of the Far North

THE PACK-TRAINS ON THE TRAIL

There can be few lonelier posts in the Empire than those of the Yukon telegraph line in the far Canadian West.

From Ashcroft, on the Thompson River above Vancouver, to Dawson City, 1670 miles north, there are telegraph stations every 30 miles, each with two men, an operator and a linesman, the man who deals with the telegrams and the man who looks after the line. Each serves for three years, and, save for an occasional trapper or big-game hunter, their only visitors are the men in charge of the pack-trains which bring a year's supplies.

Welcome Visitors

Now the pack-trains are on the trail, and we can imagine how eagerly the lonely men watch and listen for the bell mare leading the train, with the cook of the party astride her back. The train which covers the line from Hazelton to Telegraph Creek has 70 horses, each carrying 400 pounds of stores, with one horseman to every ten pack-horses and an advance guard to repair bridges and track which have been unused for the past year.

This Yukon telegraph line has a strange history. It was first laid down over 60 years ago, long before the Yukon goldfield was dreamed of, with the idea of securing telegraphic touch with Europe by way of Alaska, the Bering Strait, and Siberia, but was abandoned two years later when the Atlantic Cable had been laid. When the gold rush came 30 years later there was a telegraph line, practically ready, actually passing Dawson City. Many of the would-be prospectors went by the old telegraph route, and many died of cold, hunger, or exhaustion on the long trail. *See World Map*

PATHETIC PASSING OF A GREAT MAN A Leader of Africa

If a man scowls at you smile at him.

The Negro must meet injustice and oppression by cooperation, love, and work. He is going to teach these things to the other races of mankind.

These are great sayings, and they are the sayings of a native-born African, Dr. Kwegyir Aggrey, whose death white men and black are mourning today.

Dr. Aggrey, of whom it has often been our pleasure to write in the C.N., was born on the Gold Coast of princely Fanti lineage, going back, it is said, to the days of William the Conqueror. At 17 he went to America, and after working first as a compositor and then as a reporter he turned to scholarship, took twelve degrees, and became a professor at Columbia University.

After 25 years he returned to Africa, and five years ago he was invited by the British authorities to help in the creation of a university for the Gold Coast, and thus became Vice-Principal of Prince of Wales's College, Achimota.

But his greatest work of all was as interpreter and mediator between black men and white, and in this his influence, past and future, cannot be measured. It is pathetic to think that this great man, one of the greatest living Africans, died while on a visit to New York to see his baby son for the first time.

A BOY AND HIS TREASURES

A sovereign, a piece of string, a pocket-knife, and a chain have been awarded to J. K. Day, judged to have shown the most common sense of any boy at Stamford Grammar School during the past year.

A FAMOUS MAN OF NEW ZEALAND Stocking Her Rivers With Fish

30 YEARS OF GOOD WORK

New Zealand, we are told, is the finest trout-fishing country in the world, and will soon be famous for her salmon. Yet two generations ago her splendid rivers were inhabited only by eels and crayfish!

Today New Zealand is mourning the death of the man who devoted his life to bringing about this great change. He was Mr. Leonard Ayson, for nearly 30 years New Zealand's Chief Inspector of Fisheries. His father, an enthusiastic fisherman from Scotland, could not bear to be without his favourite sport, and the son grew up watching experiments in introducing fresh-water fish from other lands.

New Zealand's First Trout

Before he was 30 he was appointed supervisor of a fish hatchery at Masterton, in the Wairarapa, and it was from this hatchery that New Zealand was provided with trout. When he became Chief Inspector he turned his attention to salmon, establishing another hatchery, this time in South Island on the River Hakateramea, and already all the rivers on the east coast of the island are plentifully supplied.

Mr. Ayson retired at 70, but he had laid down the work he loved only a few weeks when he died. In the early days there was not much money to spare for the work, and he did most of it with a single assistant, often spending many hours of the night in the chilly waters of the spawning-grounds after a hard day's work with pick and shovel.

DOING GOOD UNKNOWN A Family of Benefactors

Although Old England is supposed to be groaning under the bills she has to pay, and the cry of the Old Rich and the New Poor is loud in the land, there are still a few people left to do princely things with their money.

The Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge had already received £70,000 from three unknown benefactors of the same family who contributed this sum to the fund which is wanted to build an extension to the museum, and the other day one of the members of the family sent another anonymous £10,000.

No wonder that the Fitzwilliam, which a few years ago was a rather neglected place visited by occasional tourists, is getting on in the world. The best thing about the gift is that it is given, as the founders of Cambridge gave, for the advancement of learning.

A VERY STRANGE THING

A distressing and very curious accident occurred in a Mersey dock warehouse not long ago.

A cargo of grain was being discharged at Seacombe, near Birkenhead, a shoot carrying it into a warehouse containing 250 tons, twelve feet deep. Below was a grid, through which the mass fell on to endless belts, so that the whole was in constant motion.

The foreman, Edward Owens, aged 63, slipped and fell, and was sucked in with the moving grain. Two of his mates seized his hands, only to lose their footing themselves. Before the machinery could be stopped they had been drawn in waist deep, and the foreman had disappeared.

It was 20 minutes before he could be got out, and then he was found to have been suffocated.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Bellini Bel-le-ne
Cayuga Kay-yu-gah
Giorgione Jor-jo-nay
Wairarapa Wah-e-rah-rah-pah

AN ENGLISH CLERK SEES IT THROUGH How to Swim the Channel

In the story of the Channel swims the great swim of a London clerk will be remembered as the most English of all.

He practised after his day's work was done; he went from his office to begin his swim; he crossed the Channel, landed at Dover, and was home again without a fuss.

His name is Edward Harry Temme, and his home is at West Ham.

Arrived at Boulogne, Mr. Temme went on to Cape Gris Nez, and without any waste of time entered the water at ten minutes past one in the morning of August 5.

He made such splendid progress in the early stages of his swim that it was thought he would finish in less than ten hours, but after five hours or so the tide turned against him. He eventually landed at Lydden Spouts, between Dover and Folkestone, at 3.39 in the afternoon, having been 14 hours 29 minutes in the water.

Mr. Temme, who is twenty-three and stands over six feet, is a non-smoker and, of course, a teetotaler.

THE WASP AMONG THE COTTON REELS

The Vicar of Fairford, in Gloucestershire, sends us this note on his wife's workbox.

Having occasion to go to her workbox one morning to get a reel of cotton my wife found a wasp in it, which she killed. On taking up a reel of cotton she was surprised to find that it was sealed at both ends and packed full of wasp grubs.

All the other reels of cotton were in a similar condition, having been used as cells to house the mother wasp's nursery. My wife had been away from home for a few weeks, and if she had not returned when she did her workbox would have been a thriving hive in a very short time, and the bedroom a most uncomfortable place to sleep in.

THINGS SAID

One has no time to grow old.

Dr. C. B. Rootham

Keep things alive and free.

Senior Inspector, Board of Education

I refuse to believe one class is better than another.

Mr. J. H. Thomas

The people who matter are the people who think.

Lady Astor

This country has always been remarkable for its pessimists.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher

Most of the calamities of the world have been due to ignorance and stupidity.

Sir Samuel Hoare

Both sides gain ten times more out of peace than out of fighting.

Mr. E. D. Simon

I am not dead yet, but if they are not careful they will make me die of laughing.

M. Clemenceau

The biggest mistake in the world today is that Britain is decadent.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin

The workers in Russia are little more than slaves.

Chairman of the Miners' Federation

We must be ready for more light and believe that God is still unfolding Himself.

Dr. W. B. Selbie

We must develop the will to peace among our peoples and the habit of peace among our Governments.

Dr. Murray Butler

There are too many pictures in the National Gallery, for it is forgotten that space round a picture is like silence round music.

Sir Robert Wilt

August 20, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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A KING'S HEAD COMES LOW

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF GUDEA

A Necklace of Beads Threaded
Before Christianity Came

TWO DISCOVERIES

Two interesting finds have been made, one by an official of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and one by quarry-workers in Northumberland.

An American who visited Ireland a few months ago saw a garden gate propped open by a great lump of stone carved in the likeness of a head. He wondered whose countenance it was that held the gate for a wheelbarrow and a donkey cart, and as he stared he began to think he had seen something very like it before. But where? All at once he remembered that it was in the Louvre in Paris.

From Bagdad to Boston

Becoming excited, he made inquiries, and learned that the head had been bought in Bagdad sixty years before. This determined him to purchase it by hook or by crook, and soon the relic was crossing the seas once more, this time on its way to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Experts declare that the recovery of the head is of immense importance. It is a portrait in diorite of Gudea, one of the great Sumerian kings who ruled over Lagash in Babylonia. The statue was made to remind men of the mighty one who had chariots and archers and spear-men, and chests of silver and ornaments of gold; but fate carried it across the world to a land where no one had ever heard of him, and the countenance men feared became a gate-stop for the gardener and something for an Irish thrush to crack snails upon. It is marvellous that in the circumstances it should ever have been recognised and rescued.

Beads 2000 Years Old

Of humbler sort, but interesting enough, is the Northumberland find. Some rock had to be blasted in Kyoel Quarry, and afterwards the workers were astonished to find that they had opened up an ancient grave. There were some pieces of pottery and a jet necklace which are said to be about 2000 years old.

The beads were threaded before Jesus was born. They were worn by a woman who lived in England before it was England. She was a painted savage, living in constant dread of enemy tribesmen and wolves.

Jet is frail stuff, but it must have been prized and taken care of, and after its mistress died it lay safe in her grave while the centuries rolled by. Now it comes back to a very different England, a land of roads and cities where once were forest and marsh. Yet women have not changed so very much, and it is still the fashion to wear strings of beads as when this island belonged to painted savages—and is it not belonging to painted women once again?

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A manuscript by R. L. Stevenson	£1600
177 letters of Charles Darwin	£1180
A violin by J. B. Guadagnini	£609
246 engravings after Van Dyck	£460
1st ed. Kipling's Schoolboy Lyrics	£450
A marble statue by Carpeaux	£441
A Third Folio Shakespeare	£400
A letter by Byron as a boy	£350
Log book of H.M.S. Euryalus	£250
Vicar of Wakefield, 1st edition	£220
Vol. 1 of Robinson Crusoe, 1719	£140
T. Hardy's Wessex Poems, 1898	£130
1st ed. of Joseph Conrad's Chance	£105

A presentation copy of Birds of America by J. J. Audubon from the New York Fire Department to Miss Jenny Lind, the great singer, was sold for £265.

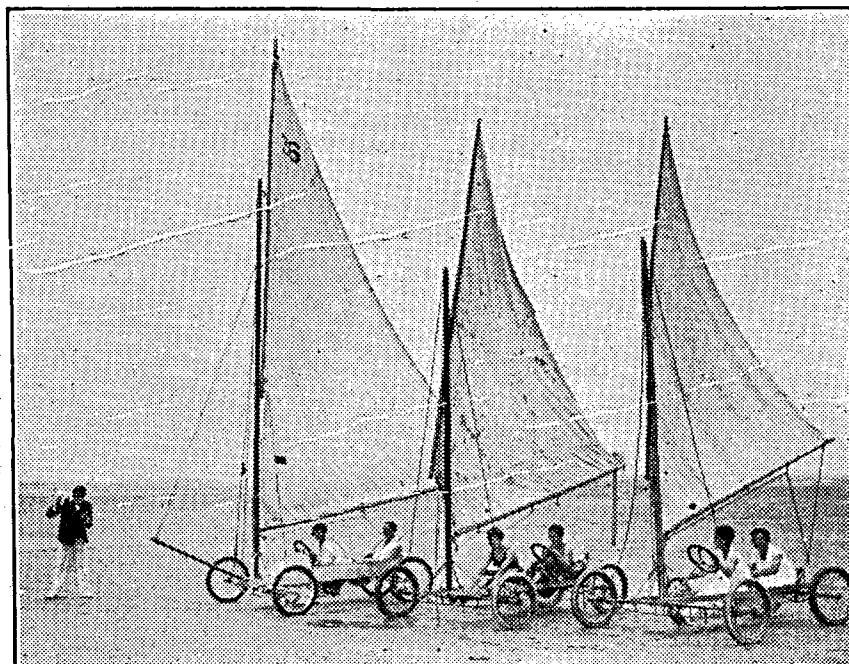
SAILING OVER THE SANDS



One of the sand-yachts has a spill



Giving two bathers a ride to the sea



The start of a race along the sands

Sand-yachting is very popular at Hardelot, on the French coast near Boulogne, where miles of firm sands give plenty of room for this thrilling sport. These pictures show some of the sand-yachts being sailed

THE NEW MUSICAL AGE

WIRELESS HELPING IT ON

Can English Singers Teach
Germany How to Sing?

A CONSOLATION FOR JAZZ NOISE

Four hundred years ago Germany had in Charles the Fifth an emperor who loved music, who would sit in his private apartment behind the high altar beating time and joining in the harmony till a friar chorister made a mistake, when the emperor would break off and roar "You red-headed blockhead!" and long for better choirmen.

Today a king of German conductors, Dr. Furtwangler, sighs again for better singing, and we were reading here the other day that he has been saying to an English choir, the Newcastle Bach Society, after their splendid performance at Frankfurt, "Tour the whole of Germany and teach the Germans how to sing!"

Popularity of True Music

There can be no doubt that Great Britain is entering upon a new Musical Age. Wireless and the gramophone are helping to cultivate taste, but the tide had begun to swell before their coming.

The springs are the splendid choral societies, the glee clubs, the church and chapel choirs, the school singing, and the wonderful rise and development of community singing. All these forces are making the land ring with tuneful music, and the frenzied horrors, clash, crash, and harrowing discord of certain modern composers are powerless to check the love of the beautiful of the multitude of common folk. It is some consolation for the noise of the jazz mob that true music is more and more popular.

English Music in Tudor Days

Is this splendid change a development or a reversion to ancestral habit? Three centuries ago we not only sang and played better than our Continental neighbours, but had better music, and it was our own. In Tudor days and later everybody could sing and play at sight. Drake took his music men round the world with him.

Choirs and orchestras of today are re-discovering the English music of those days, and beautiful, gracious, and alluring it is. We know by actual proof that those old Tudor and Stuart times really were melodious. Even our Blue-beard king, Henry the Eighth, was no mean musician and composer, and Elizabeth, his daughter, was credited with singing and playing charmingly, though her selection of instruments for a musical dinner, 12 trumpets, two kettledrums, with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, makes us rather tremble at the thought of some of her programmes. How should we like them from 2 L O?

Unmusical Reformers

Old writers say we owe the preservation of the lovely choral music in our cathedrals and churches to the musical proficiency of the Tudors. At the time of the Reformation unmusical reformers seem to have had the ascendancy among the clergy of the Lower House of Convocation, for in 1536 they presented a protestation to the king, saying that singing in church was but "roaring, howling, whistling, mumming, conjuring, and juggling, and the playing of organs a foolish vanity."

Fortunately they did not prevail, or the world of music would never have heard of Thomas Tallis, William Byrd, or Henry Purcell, three men in whose names we glory. Byrd's jovial message to Germany today would be as it was to England in the sixteenth century:

*Since singing is so good a thing
I wish all men would learn to sing.*

Which is exactly the happy counsel we should expect a Bird to utter,

KU KLUX KLAN AT WORK Unseating the Children's Judge

CURIOUS EFFECT OF A CRUSADE

The infamous Ku Klux Klan, America's secret society of law breakers, has achieved a curious but fleeting victory in the eviction of the famous Children's Judge, Benjamin Barr Lindsey, from his post.

Judge Lindsey is the man who has led America and the world in the establishment of children's courts. He was able to establish a Juvenile Court at Denver about 30 years ago, and has since been its presiding judge.

But before the last election Judge Lindsey attacked the brutal spirit of the Ku Klux Klan, then at the height of its power, with the result that the Klan attacked him and sought to unseat him. Mr. Lindsey charged the supporters of his opponent with gross corruption, and the judges who heard the appeal found that he was so far right that one district had to be disfranchised altogether and its votes on either side struck out.

Small Majority Lost

Yet it happened that in this district there was a small majority for Mr. Lindsey in spite of the corruption, and the loss of this majority gave the seat to the other side!

His expulsion from his post has been followed by the resignation of the 15 chief officers of the Juvenile Court as a protest at the ending of his "incomparable achievements in giving Colorado the leading place it has in child welfare legislation, and his tireless and uncompromising fight against the causes of economic and social injustice."

Happily, as there is another election next year and the Ku Klux Klan has been steadily losing power, we may look forward to his re-election. He laughs best who laughs last. The power of the ridiculous Klan is dying; the work of the Children's Judge will live.

THE MYSTERY OF A DOG'S MIND How Did Rover Find His Master?

A reader of the C.N. in a large northern city sends us a remarkable account of animal instinct which has come quite recently under his observation.

A friend of his was removed from home to the hospital suffering from pneumonia. Two members of the family were driven to the hospital in the ambulance, and remained there for the night with the patient. No one else left the house.

In the home was a big, black, mongrel dog, regarded as of no account; indeed, there had been talk of getting rid of it several times. During the night the sick man in the hospital, in his delirium, repeatedly called for the dog, using such phrases as "Good old Rover!" "Come on, old boy!"

The night passed wearily; but by eight o'clock in the morning the sick man had fallen asleep. The watchers were then disturbed by the barking of a dog under the window. Looking out they were amazed to see Rover there. On being let out of the home for his morning run he had come straight to the hospital!

The dog had never been to the hospital before. No one had passed from the house to the hospital except the patient and the two members of his family in the ambulance. The distance between the two places is fully three miles. The way was through busy thoroughfares. How did Rover know where his master had gone?

We do not know. There are mysteries of longing and knowing and finding the way in animal nature which the wisest of men cannot explain.

FORTUNE IN A DREAM The Curious Way of Life HOW A SCHOLAR DID AN EXCITING THING

How a man achieved fortune through a dream is told by Mr. Bernard Shaw in his introduction to Three Plays by William Archer.

Archer had done brilliant work as a translator of Ibsen and as a dramatic critic, and had written many books without ever becoming the lucky and prosperous author of a best-seller. His name was hardly known to the general public, though his work was admired by a select few.

But when he was 65 Archer had a dream about a grim rajah and a Green Goddess who demanded human sacrifices just as some white people fell into the rajah's power. He turned his dream into a play, and suddenly became a popular playwright. In America alone the play earned him twenty thousand pounds, and it had a triumphant run in England too.

The strange thing about it is that the plot is not at all the sort of thing his friends expected from William Archer; it was too exciting, too much like a cinematograph film to seem like the work of a scholar. But of course it was not William Archer's plot; it was Puck's, and the goblin whispered it into his ear while he slept.

THE UGLY PUMP

A Lead to the Petrol Companies

A garage proprietor in Surrey has done a clever thing, and a good thing. He has solved the petrol pump problem, to which the C.N. has more than once called attention.

It is curious that the great petrol companies, which owe so much to our beautiful countryside, should be pulling down ugly advertisements with one hand and putting up ugly pumps with the other.

Of course, some people do not care whether they spoil the countryside, even the place they live in, so long as they make money, but the garage-keeper at Holmbury St. Mary is different, and he has thought out a solution of the problem on the lines the C.N. has suggested.

The petrol pump is enclosed in a sentry-box adjoining the garage, and when the door is open people on the other side of the green see a red-coated soldier standing stiffly at attention inside—or so they think. The storage tank is flanked by a stone wall with a green hedge above.

Let us hope that this arrangement will be copied by other villages. Everyone knows that a blacksmith's shop is a picturesque sight and that a garage is usually a sordid one, but there is no reason why it should be so. There is, indeed, every reason why it should not be so.

GAS FOR A WHOLE NATION

Ruhr Pipes to Cover All Germany

A huge scheme is being developed for supplying all Germany with gas from the Ruhr coal mines.

Great conduits will carry the gas along five main routes, running north, south, and east, from which smaller pipes will radiate till every district has been supplied. Enormous saving in cost is expected from the concentration of the work of gas production in a single area, making it a mere by-product of other manufactures, notably coke.

So cheap will it become that Hamburg and other northern towns are expecting to cease to import British coal for gas-making, and to depend upon the Ruhr mines for their supply of gas.

THE NEXT KING OF SPAIN A Sad Problem

QUESTION FOR A PARLIAMENT THAT HAS BEEN ABOLISHED

The coming of a child king to Rumania gives a new interest to the pathetic possibility of a child king in Spain.

A very curious and very sad combination of chances has made the Royalists and the Democrats of Spain allies against the Dictator, General Primo de Rivera, and the situation arises out of the curious position of the monarchy.

The king's eldest son, the Prince of Asturias, twenty years old, has been ill for a long time. It is now feared that he cannot recover. The second son, Prince Jaime, is deaf and dumb, and should, therefore, never be allowed to become king. Thus, it is clear that the succession should be altered so that the king's third son, Prince Juan, and his younger brother shall take the places of the elder two. These two brothers are both children.

The Dictator's Plan

The difficulty is that the Spanish constitution lays it down with the greatest clearness that all questions regarding the succession to the throne shall be decided by Parliament, and there is now no Parliament! The Dictator abolished Parliament when he seized power, and has never revived it.

He would like instead to summon an Assembly of his own making, consisting of people chosen by himself, to represent the nation by professions and classes and not by towns and countries; and he considers that such an Assembly, under his guidance, could decide who should be king. The king does not agree, and the controversy is beginning to develop a serious aspect.

COAL TO RIDE BY AIR Kent Mine's New Way to the Sea

It will be a curious sight when coal trucks come to Dover through the air.

After a long struggle the Tilmanstone Colliery Company has obtained leave to build an aerial ropeway seven miles long to carry its coal to the sea. It was contended that the price at which the railways could carry the coal (by an eleven-mile instead of a seven-mile route) was so heavy that the coal could not be sold profitably, so the Railway Commission has decided that it is in the public interest that the ropeway should be built. The local authorities have satisfied themselves that the plans now proposed make things quite safe for the public, for there will be protecting bridges over the roads, on to which any odd coal dropping would fall.

The Dover Harbour Board, which will benefit by the scheme, is to contribute £25,000 and the Colliery Company will find £93,000. Carriage will be a shilling a ton cheaper than by the railways, and it is expected that 4000 tons a day will be carried before long.

TRAVELS OF A NEEDLE A Girl's Remarkable Experience

A girl has had a strange adventure with a needle, and doctors are amazed by it.

Dora Watkinson, of Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, trod on a darned needle, which broke off in her foot. Although the foot was X-rayed, the needle could not be found, and as the girl did not suffer she soon forgot the incident.

But thirteen months after the accident her tongue received a scratch. Putting her hand into her mouth she found the needle point between two teeth in the lower jaw, and managed to pull it out.

The fragment of needle, half an inch long, had travelled round her body for thirteen months, and had done her no harm!

KITCHEN PATRIOTS Pies and Cheeses and Other Things

A MINISTER AND HIS SPEECHES

If prophets are without honour in their own country, dishes are not.

Not long ago France erected a statue to the woman who invented Camembert cheese, and now we hear that England is sending a twenty-pound gooseberry pie to America. The pie is being given by the citizens of Mansfield in Notts to the citizens of Mansfield in Massachusetts because in ancient times there was a great fair at Mansfield every summer and there were always gooseberry pies at the fair. At last Mansfield and gooseberry pies became so closely associated in men's minds that they could hardly think of one without the other, while the cooks of Mansfield are convinced that no gooseberry pies can compare with theirs. So a twenty-pound sample has been baked, put in cold storage, and sent 3000 miles by sea and land to the American Mansfield.

Jealous Cheese-Makers

This sort of patriotism may be very good, but M. Queuille, the French Minister for Agriculture, must be disgusted with it because the makers of other cheeses are so jealous of the Camembert statue that he has had to tour the country making speeches about the rest! France has many famous sorts of cheese, beginning with the Brie which was popular in the eleventh century, and M. Queuille will have to make countless journeys and speeches before he has exhausted them all.

Perhaps the very folk who laugh at Camembert's pride in its cheese and Mansfield's pride in its gooseberry pie will see nothing to smile at in Devon's pride in its cream if they come from Devon, or in Yorkshire's pride in its pudding if they come from Yorkshire. The patriotism of the kitchen, if it is not very noble, is not at all harmful, and he is a harsh man who condemns it.

A LIGHT IN THE WORLD OF DARKNESS Friendship by Post

From Birmingham we have received a letter commenting with much cordiality on a recent article in the C.N. about Miss Nellie Bland, of Bradford. We feel sure our readers will like to share our pleasure in reading a letter which shows how the blind may help each other. The writer, Mr. E. A. Glasscy, says:

"Miss Bland is blind and an invalid. I, too, am blind and an invalid. We have never met, and so far as I am able to view the future we never shall meet. But for nearly three years I have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of a daily correspondence, in Braille, with that wonderful lady, and I can testify from personal experience to the plain, unvarnished truth of your article, without an exaggerated word.

"Miss Bland is a living daily witness of the power of the Grace of God."

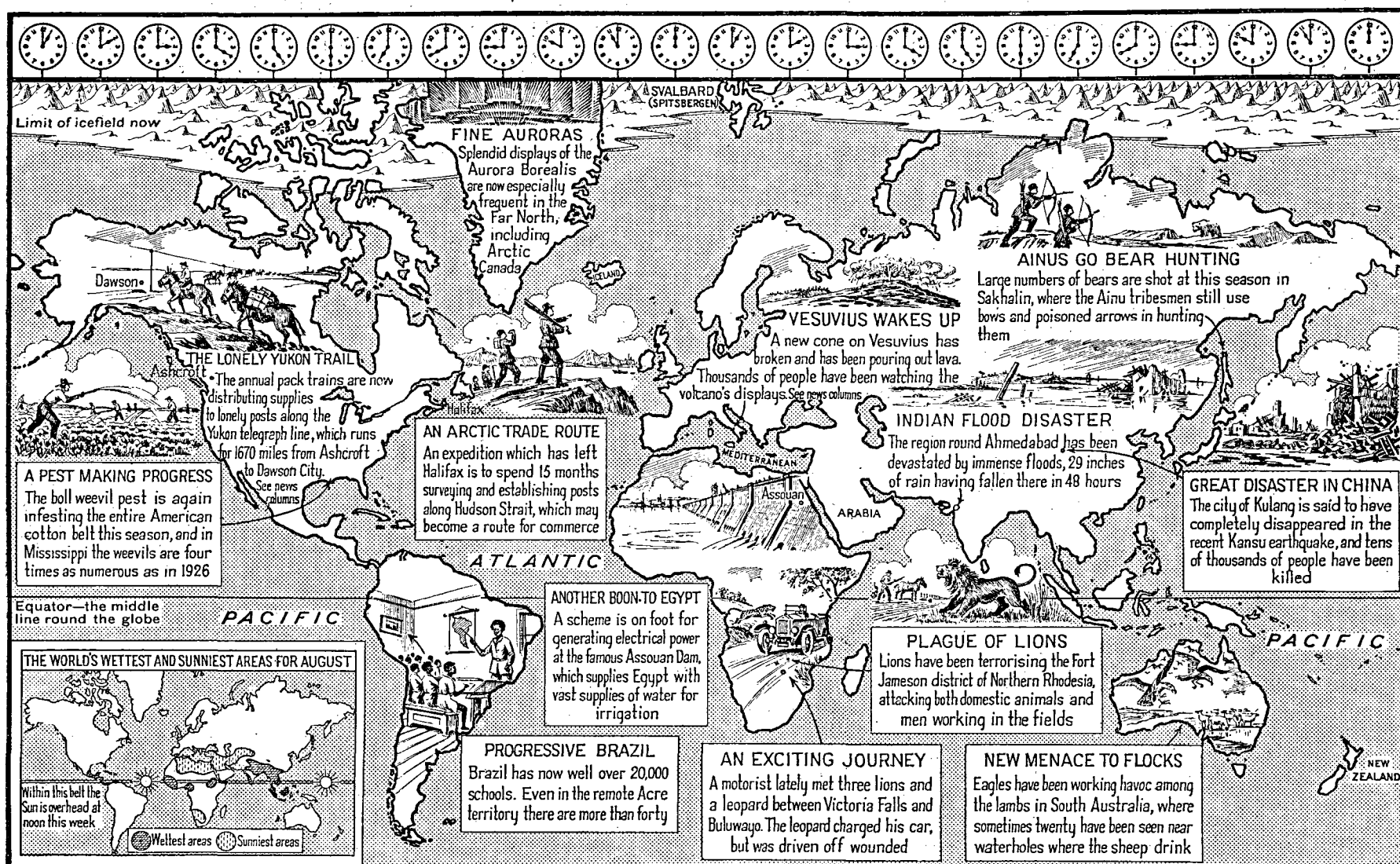
The thought that the daily comfort of this correspondence comes into the world of darkness is so beautiful that it ought surely to be known.

THE LIFE ACTIVE

One of the most pleasing features of the influence of the C.N. is that it reaches the old as well as the young.

An instance comes to us in a snapshot sent from Lincoln, showing a summer-house built entirely by a C.N. reader, who has the paper on his knee. He is a pensioned engine-driver who served on the footplate for 40 years, and is now, at 85, enjoying a hearty old age at Lincoln.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE PLAYERS IN BACON'S GARDEN

Lawyers and the Children

The Benchers of Gray's Inn have done a very pleasant thing in opening their gardens to the children of the district during August. From six to eight every evening young people will be able to play in this green oasis, apart from the dust and smell and noise and danger of the streets.

According to tradition the gardens were laid out by that great garden-lover Francis Bacon, whose story is a tangle of glory and shame. He was a student of Gray's Inn as a stripling of fifteen, when none of the older students could guess that he was to become one of the four most famous Englishmen. The boy who was to win immortal fame as essayist, philosopher, and scientist, to become a great statesman and the friend of kings, and at last to be found guilty of bribery and corruption, was the most illustrious of all the sons of Gray's Inn. We wonder if the children who play in the garden he made will give a thought to the child he was.

72 YEARS SINGING

Carmarthen's Famous Chorister

The Elizabethans believed that singing was good for health, so they sang madrigals instead of doing physical jerks. They were probably right, and Mr. E. Colby Evans would make a good witness for the defence of their theory. He is eighty, and still a choir-boy! Singing has been his delight for more than seventy years, and has given him perpetual youth.

Mr. Evans joined the choir of St. David's Parish Church, Carmarthen, when he was eight, and he has remained in it for 72 years. His voice is a rich bass, very pleasant to hear. Long may the folk of Carmarthen enjoy it!

NEWS FOR MOTHER

A New Label for a Kitchen Box

For many years housewives have been flavouring cakes and puddings and ices with vanilla without asking what vanilla is. A Bachelor of Science has just told them.

Vanilla is really m-methoxy-p-hydroxybenzaldehyde. It is sometimes made from the fermented fruit of vanilla planifolia and aromatica, sometimes from eugenol, a constituent of oil of cloves, and it is sometimes obtained by direct synthesis in the laboratory.

Peter Puck is glad to know this, because he likes to be correct. Next time he orders an ice, and the waitress asks "Strawberry or vanilla?" he will reply: *M-methoxy-p-hydroxybenzaldehyde, please.*

A NEW FLAG

Good Luck to It

Sea Scouts and other lovers of shipping will soon have to make a change in their notebooks.

From next New Year's Day there will be a new ensign for the Spanish Merchant Service. It will be very like the Naval Ensign, except that it will not bear the crowned shield of Spain on the middle stripe near the hoist.

The Merchant Service ensign will be composed of three horizontal stripes; the top and bottom will be red stripes, each a quarter of the width of the ensign, and the centre one will be a yellow stripe half the width of the ensign.

A new flag will fly on seas sailed for the first time by Spanish seamen, and all sailors will wish it good luck.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Hours of sun	127	Dublin	3'03 ins.
Total rainfall	2'87 ins.	Edinburgh	2'59 ins.
Dry days	19	Southampton	2'32 ins.
Wet days	12	Cranwell	1'85 ins.
Warmest day	10th	Leafeld	1'69 ins.
Coldest day	17th	Holyhead	1'65 ins.

REFUSING TO ESCAPE

The Good that is in the Worst of Us

From Johannesburg comes a remarkable story, showing how twelve native convicts might have escaped but remained in captivity to help others.

A mail train and a goods train came into collision near Heidelberg with such force that the engines were crumpled and the coaches telescoped. The accident happened at night, and the darkness gave an opportunity of escape to twelve convicts who were chained together and were practically unhurt. On the other hand their warder was severely injured. Now was their chance to get away.

But instead of escaping in the confusion of the moment they all turned to the task of rescuing passengers from the wreckage. It was hard and dangerous work, yet they toiled at it through the night, and when there was no more to do they lined up and surrendered.

100 BRIDGES SAVED

Another Triumph of the Southern Railway

Three years ago the Southern Railway awoke to the absurdity of the fact that not one of its main lines could stand the weight of an up-to-date locomotive.

The bridges, of course, were the weak point, and on account of them the Pullman boat train from Victoria to Dover had to have two engines and the Southern Belle for Brighton was drawn by an engine built twenty years ago.

So it was decided that a hundred bridges must be strengthened to carry the new giant engines, and now the engines and the bridges are practically completed. It is claimed that such a programme has never before been carried out in so short a time. The strengthened bridges alone have cost a quarter of a million.

HANGING FROM A PLANE

A Mechanic Kidnapped in the Air

EXCITING ADVENTURE

An Austrian mechanic had a terrible experience the other day. A pilot descended at the Salzburg aerodrome on the way to Munich. He wanted some repairs done, and did not realise that three of the mechanics were still at work on the machine when he started afresh.

Two of the men were able to jump clear, but one was dragged off into the skies like a mouse in the talons of an eagle, except that no talons were holding him; he was only clinging on with his hands!

A cry of horror arose from the crowd, but the noise of the engine drowned it. People waved coats and anything else they could lay hands on, but the pilot only rose higher and higher. Then the head of the aerodrome thought of the good idea of signalling with rockets, but it was five minutes before the pilot understood what had happened.

Then, wonderful to relate, the mechanic returned to earth unhurt and unafraid. If he had not been a brave and steady man he would have dropped off and been killed. As it was, the crowd probably suffered more than he did from the horrible suspense.

PIGEON IN THE PIT

Strange Adventure

A very odd thing happened at Wheatley Hill Colliery in Durham not long ago. Hearing a noise in his engine-house, 1200 feet underground, an engineman made a search and was startled to find a homing pigeon with a numbered ring.

The puzzle is, of course, how the pigeon got down the mine, but there is a simple answer. It probably roosted in a cage waiting at the surface and was taken down below in it without anyone being the wiser.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 20 1927

Camp

AUGUST has deprived us for a time of some valued friends, Latin verbs and French idioms and quadratic equations; it has meant for the lucky the seaside or the mountains or the moors; but for some it has meant most of all *Camp*. That is where this present age scores rather heavily; it has discovered Camp.

The traveller along the shores of Great Britain in August is seldom out of sight of camps. They are of all kinds, but they are all good, and there is no jollier sight than when

Ten taut and tapering tents of white
The train-tired traveller sees.

Then the swift change from the garments considered necessary in trains and other haunts of civilisation! Then the feel of the grass to the feet! And the smell of the canvas and the loud roar of the chorus in the sing-song! The world at large has discovered community singing, but, bless their hearts, campers knew all about community singing long ago.

What is it that makes Camp? It is partly the delight of being away from collars and such-like things, partly the keen air and the beauty of sea and field; but chiefly it is the good fellows who are with us, all of them working together and playing together.

There are plates to be washed, and after hot mutton this is a task which demands patience and teaches sympathy with those who do it at home; but in a State in which everyone shares hard work and everyone treats it as a lark there is much fun to be had out of orderly duty, and when the Sun is sinking there will be football; and when all the land is dark the tent, lit by its lamp, will re-echo with songs ancient and modern. And then prayers quite simply and naturally come to close the day.

So hundreds of little States arise in every part of the land. They are only there for a short time, but while they last they are the real thing. Each of them is a society of human beings, living as all human beings ought to live. Each of them is a model for the big world, and shows what is yet to be.

The days pass. The tents are struck. The collars (how tight they are!) are on again; and the members of the little kingdoms are scattered. But Camp still lives in their memories and in their thoughts and plans; and when in after-years somebody tells an old camper that human beings must always live in strife and enmity, and wars must always come to pass, then, with a smile, that camper will declare that better things are possible. He knows that the Great State will come one day in which men will live as brothers; he knows it because he has seen it.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

The Young Man Who Knew Nobody

IF it is true that the world knows nothing of its greatest men it sometimes happens that the great ones are too modest to guess how much the world will think of them.

When Lindbergh was talking over his plan for flying the Atlantic he remarked that if he did get to Paris he would not know a soul there!

Paris did not wait to be introduced; it seemed as if the whole world was waiting for this flying boy; and from what we have learned of him the sight of that frenzied crowd of hero-worshippers must have been the most surprising thing that had ever happened to Lindbergh.

For a moment or two he must have thought he had chanced to come down in a mass meeting. How, he must have asked, could they have possibly come to meet him? He had only done what he had said he would do!

Yet this young man, who went to Paris knowing nobody, left Paris with all the world knowing him.

Braemar to the Litter Lout

These two verses are posted up among the hills of Braemar.

WE beseech you who come from afar
To visit our bonnie Braemar,
Be you stroller or sitter,
Don't throw down your litter,
For that will this bonnie brae mar!

YOUR heart's in the Highlands?

No place could be fitter:
You may leave here your heart,
But oh! do leave less litter.

Red and Gold in the Slums

THE gardens are very beautiful.
Everywhere the countryside is ablaze with colour.

But even the town has its colour too. We remember watching tulips grow at a window by Victoria, and now we look down on scarlet geraniums there. But a good friend sends us a note of a garden on a factory wall in the back streets of one of our large towns. The slum builder has left not an inch of Mother Earth for planting. The doorsteps are the children's only playgrounds. But somebody has nailed a biscuit-box and a cake-tin to the wall, and filled them with soil and nasturtiums. The gallant flowers run down the smutty walls like a waterfall of red and gold, challenging ugliness, evil, and dirt.

It reminds us, this bright patch in the slums, of the English admiral who, when he was hopelessly outnumbered, refused to surrender, but sank his ship in a shallow where, as its keel rested on the bottom, the flag would still fly above the surface.

Peter Puck's Little Thought

If all the lawn were strawberry,
If all the pond were cream,
If every stone were sugar cane,
The world would be a dream!

The Shortest Poem

WE gave a short poem the other day by George MacDonald, thinking it the shortest in the world. It was:

Come
Home.

A good friend sends us a correction. It is not the shortest poem, he says, for Walt Whitman wrote one shorter still:

I:

Why?

Most of us have asked Walt Whitman's question, but few of us so briefly. There surely cannot be any shorter poems than these, one of eight letters and one of four.

Tip-Cat

IN this age of hustle the value of silence is overlooked. It can neither be seen nor heard.

CHILDREN today do not love toys; they treat them as a joke. But perhaps they love a joke.

THERE are societies for the preservation of everything that is old. Except boots.

CLEAN curtains do not always mean prosperity. But they are a sign that their owners are, anyhow, rubbing along.

EVERY cloud has a silver lining. Even our old suit has its shining side.

MANY noble lords, we are told, cannot afford to come often

to London. Being first class, they cannot afford to travel third.

THE gentleman who thinks that to be a successful dentist must be entertaining cannot have seen one looking down in the mouth.

FRUITARIANS are said to be successful in most undertakings. At the worst they can save their skins.

The Defiance of the Law

THE Home Secretary has been once more asked if he cannot keep his word to stop the screeching noises of motor-horns and motor-cycles in the streets, which, he is told in Parliament, "are causing intense mental anguish to hundreds of patients in nursing homes." Sir William Joynson Hicks replies that he does not know what he can do except what has been done, which is to prosecute 5700 offenders in six months.

We will tell him. He can prevent the police looking on and doing nothing every hour of every day while these things pass them. He can stop this scandal in a single week.

Our Runner Ducks

By Their Keeper

WHEN we decided to try our luck with runner ducks we little guessed how profitable and amusing our experiment would prove to be.

We had a good-sized garden but no pond such as the ordinary duck delights in, and this was one reason why we bought the quaint, long-necked little beggars. All they need is grass to wander on, plenty of drinking-water, and some sort of shelter; a tarpaulin under a hedge will do well enough.

Come into this old-world garden. Walk down the yew-bordered path, past the rose garden and the Lover's Walk of nut trees to the large mulberry tree standing in a corner of the old stable-yard where the monastery stones remain. As you go through the gate you hear a clatter of tongues, and you see the family of runner ducks (Sir Francis Drake, Arabella, and Araminta), which started a family of many ducklings. In fact, they were so busy laying eggs that at length it was decided to put some of the eggs into an incubator.

Eyes Right

In due course they hatched out, 23 in one batch, and they were brought from the incubator into the kitchen while their permanent quarters were got ready. The basket was put on the floor, and at that moment the clock struck 12. Every one of those ducklings stood "eyes right" until the clock had finished, and then they all sat down. How wonderful that first sound must have been to them!

Most of the 23 ducklings succumbed to sunstroke, but the family was increased by four survivors, Berenice, Boadicea, Penelope, and Priscilla. They all lived under the mulberry tree and enjoyed life. One thing they especially enjoyed. When their master first set up a motor-cycle they were most interested, and when he was cleaning it, singing snatches of song from operas and marching ditties, they would group themselves round him and move their long necks in unison. It was a grand sight. Sometimes he would sit on an empty sugar-box and perform for their benefit; and while he sang and waved an old file to beat time they would swing their necks about in sheer delight.

When he had finished and was ready to go out they would all line up and watch him out of the gate.

The Pioneer

Thou canst not move the hills nor turn the tide,
Thou canst not right the world's vast load of wrong.
Then from the vain endeavour turn aside!
Thus sang the sirens in their ancient song.

But undismayed the pioneer replied:
Though sea and mountain bow not to my will,
Yet I can make a boat to cross the tide.
And I can make a road to cross the bill.

THUMB MARKS IN A SHAKESPEARE WHAT WE KNOW FROM THEM

History from the Margins of a
Famous Page

THE POPULAR PLAY

Tremendous interest is now being taken in one of the many Shakespearean treasures exhibited for a brief season in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

It is a copy of the First Folio edition of the plays which passed straight from the printers to the Bodleian, was studied there by a host of undergraduates belonging to the generation following the death of Shakespeare, and then was sold, to be for nearly 300 years in a country house and ultimately to be taken back to Oxford 20 years ago.

The Balcony Scene

This famous old book has now been closely examined by experts, and by the wear and tear of the pages we know which were the favourite plays and which the favourite scenes among the young scholars of 300 years ago. Careful analysis enables the authorities to say that the wear occurred in the old Bodleian days; the book had been an unconsidered trifle in its country home.

The favourite play then was Romeo and Juliet, and the favourite scene was that immortal passage which is starkly introduced by the stage direction, "Enter Romeo, and Juliet aloft." It is the balcony scene, in which the son and daughter of the great rival houses declare their love in the most exquisite language, the tenderest fancy, the loveliest imagery that ever mind conceived.

Juliet Played by Boys

This was the scene that enchanted the young romantics of the ancient seat of learning. The page is worn through where their eager thumbs turned the sheet. But they never saw the drama played as we have seen it. Boys acted Juliet in Shakespeare's days, and for a generation later. It is the dream of every actress to play Juliet, as it is the ambition of every actor to play Hamlet, but Shakespeare never saw a woman on the stage; he had to imagine the beauty, splendour, pathos, humour, and tragedy women could impart to the rôles he created for them, just as poor deaf Beethoven had to imagine the effects of the immortal harmonies he was composing without hearing.

It is natural to inquire why, if Shakespeare so stirred admiration in the generation after his death, his fame suffered eclipse for nearly two centuries.

In his own age his greatness out-towered understanding and appreciation; he was like a mountain whose magnitude must be gauged from a distance; he was no peerless genius to those who judged his work merely as they knew it from stage representation.

Shakespeare Forgotten

After his death the Civil War, and then the Commonwealth, which for a dozen years closed the theatres; then, with the Restoration, a new drama grew up, the most shameless, disgraceful drama England has ever had. Shakespeare was forgotten for a century. Then he was rediscovered, and pedants began to rewrite him, to turn tragedy into farce, to cut his incomparable poetry to ribbons, to make him unrecognisable, to act Shakespeare in the versions of such men as Colley Cibber.

The revival was wrought by a simple, commonplace miracle. David Garrick began by playing Shakespeare as Shakespeare actually is, and his work coincided with the efforts of scholarly editors, who gave the world editions of the plays in forms which could be understood.

So the real Shakespeare was at last revealed, and the world at last recognised the fruit of the greatest brain and heart that ever inhabited a human frame.

A MOTHER AND HER BOYS

A FEW years ago a novel was published which, though it won a prize, was criticised on the grounds of unreality. The whole point of the story turned on a mother failing to recognise her grown-up son, who had emigrated in his youth. People said no mother would forget her son, and therefore the plot was unbelievable.

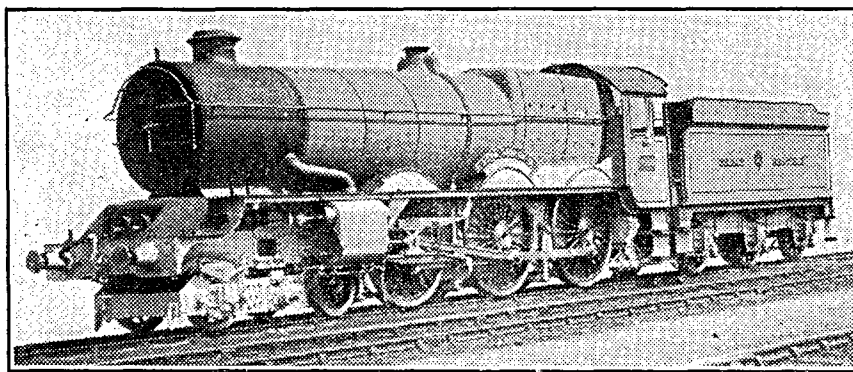
But fact has justified fiction. The other day Mrs. Elizabeth Bassett of Seal, near Sevenoaks, was told that a Mr. Cummings and a Mr. Smith wished to see her. Although she is 92, Mrs. Bassett is not infirm, and was quite prepared to receive visitors.

The two men said they used to live in the village long ago, and asked Mrs. Bassett if she remembered them. She said No. Mr. Cummings said he was born in a cottage near the Crown Inn, and Mrs. Bassett said she had lived in that street too, but could not remember a Cummings there. Then the strangers told her their Christian names.

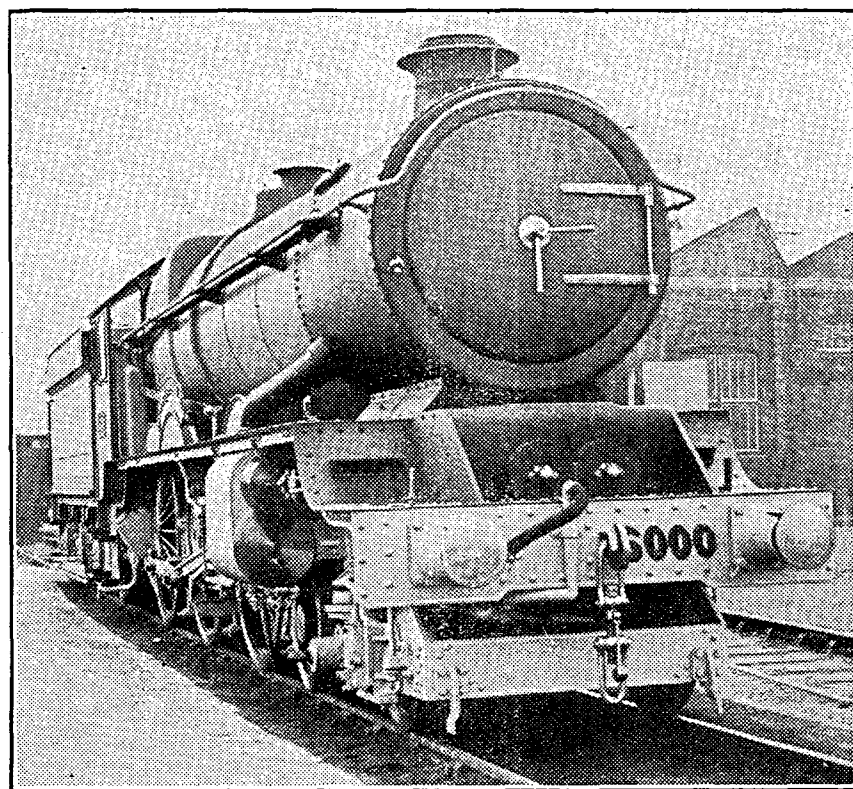
Mr. Cummings said, "I call him Sidney and he calls me Horace."

Then the old lady realised that Cummings and Smith were only assumed names. The strangers were her two sons, who had left home for the United States thirty-four years ago!

ENGLAND'S NEW GIANT LOCOMOTIVE



The new engine as it left the workshops



A picture of grace and power

The most powerful passenger engine in England, the King George V, has lately been built by the Great Western Railway. With the tender it is 68 feet long and weighs over 135 tons. It is to be sent to a railway exhibition in America as an example of British engineering.

GRENFELL OF LABRADOR

NEVER, perhaps, has the King given more pleasure by a knighthood than when he gave this honour to Grenfell of Labrador.

All Britain loves the man, and everyone is glad that he should be awarded this token of high admiration. Sometimes a title seems a worthless thing, but when it is bestowed because the nation desires to give some sign of gratitude for a fine life a knighthood is truly a thing to be proud of.

Wilfred Thomason Grenfell is famous for his work as doctor and missionary on the Labrador coast. For 25 years he has suffered discomfort and danger in order to help lonely people and seamen in this dreary region. He could have lived a very different life.

Born in 1865, he was educated at Marlborough, Oxford, and the London Hospital. He had played Rugby football for Oxford, and had become Sir Frederick Treves's house-surgeon. A

pleasant lot lay before him, the lot of a fashionable doctor with leisure for sport.

But Grenfell chose to live for others. He fitted out the first hospital ship for the North Sea fisheries, and cruised with the fishermen. In 1892 he went to Labrador, where he built four hospitals, a school, and an orphanage, and started cooperative schemes to help the people. He became the good angel of the grim coast where Eskimos and a few scattered Europeans struggled to wrest a living from icy seas and stony land.

It has been a life of hardship and peril. Once Dr. Grenfell was stranded alone on an ice-floe, and would have perished of cold if he had not killed four of the dogs that drew his sledge and wrapped himself in their skins. Happily, he was rescued after a night on the floe.

Everybody is glad he is honoured, but in spite of his new title the world will probably still call him by the old one, Grenfell of Labrador.

THE DAY OF DOUBLE SHAME

FOURTH OF AUGUST

The Politicians Fail the People
Once Again

WHY GENEVA BROKE DOWN

The Fourth of August has become a Day of Double Shame. In 1914 it was the birthday of the greatest crime in human history; in 1927 it saw the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

Though the Conference has only adjourned and there may yet come much good from it, the difficulty of Britain and America in arriving at an agreement has been a bitter disappointment to all friends of peace. The whole world cries out for peace, and men are sick unto death of the everlasting inability of politicians to express the hearts of the people.

The Question of Cruisers

The consolation of all concerned is that the failure to agree is rather on the form of reduction than on the fact of reduction. The essential dependence of the British Isles on a large number of smaller cruisers was not sufficiently realised by the American delegates, safe in their rich continent, free from peril, and the delegates were unable to draw up a formula on which they could agree.

It is a failure deeply discreditable to them. The League of Nations is preparing for a General Conference on disarmament, and Britain and America set themselves to lead the way by an agreement on warships. In that they have failed, and so have done grave injury to the disarmament cause.

At Washington in 1921 the Governments agreed to a limitation of the number of battleships; at Geneva they have now agreed provisionally to a similar limitation of destroyers and submarines. They have broken down on the question of cruisers. America proposes to fix a total tonnage for cruisers, to be divided among vessels of various sizes according to the preference of either Power. Britain wants as many vessels as possible, small or large, to patrol her trade routes. America, on the other hand, wants few cruisers, but wants them large and powerful, because she has not enough naval stations at which to replenish her stocks of fuel.

End of the Conference

Britain's case against the American proposal is that she cannot afford to have fewer powerful cruisers than America, and that to equal America her allotted tonnage would have to be spent on a few big cruisers, leaving nothing over for smaller sea patrols. She therefore proposed a limitation of big cruisers apart altogether from programmes of small cruiser building. Japan, the third party to the Conference, though not wholly approving the British idea, agreed to it provisionally for the sake of agreement. America refused, and so the Conference broke down.

What mystifies many people is why either of these two friendly Powers should mind in the least how many cruisers, large or small, the other chooses to build. It is largely due, no doubt, to professional jealousies between the two Admiralties. But it is due much more to the fact that whatever agreement is come to between them will be the model for building programmes, not only by Japan, but by all the lesser Naval Powers.

A Lesson to Learn

One thing we may surely ask our American cousins to understand. America, with her great self-contained continent, is free from the anxieties in peace and the peril in war-time to which we are exposed by the fact that our food and raw materials must come to us from the ends of the earth.

But we, too, have our lesson to learn. If armaments are ever to be reduced anywhere, something must be risked.

WHAT YOU CAN DO EVERY LITTLE HELPS TO SAVE THE WORLD

The Crusade for Joining Up All People of Goodwill CHANCE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Wise men in all ages have tried to find some way by which the nations of the world could live as a united family instead of continually quarrelling.

"That is my apple," growls one. "No, it is mine," snaps another, and a grab, shrieks, tears, and sulks follow. How can a home in which this happens every day hope to be happy? Yet that is the sort of childish thing that has been happening for years to the peoples of Europe. In their house no one has had authority, and because there was no authority over nations to settle their disputes for them millions of lives have been lost in war and millions of men have been driven mad, or blinded, or maimed.

Father and Mother of Europe

A careful calculation shows that the Great War cost thirty million lives and 80,000 million pounds. What could we have done with all this money? We could have given a new house worth £500 to every family in Australia, Britain, Belgium, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States, with £200 worth of furniture and two acres of land, and after that we should still have had enough left to buy up every house, railway, and tramcar in France and Belgium. Was ever such folly as war with all its consequences?

At last an authority is being set up to end this sorry business. The League of Nations is at once father and mother to the States of Europe, smoothing out difficulties, watching over food supplies, guiding the steps of baby States. But if the League is to succeed it must win more than sympathy; there must be loyalty to it in the hearts of all.

A Journalist's Plan

It is to give every one of us a chance to help the League that a movement has been started called Personal Service for Peace. It came about in this way:

A Scottish journalist set himself this problem: "How, without weakening their own country in defence against aggression, can citizens show their loyalty to the New International Order being set up at Geneva?" It would not do to refuse to fight in any circumstances, for who then would restrain outlaw nations and law-breakers? So he thought of a plan which would leave men free to defend themselves against attack while pledging them solemnly not to take part in war against the judgment of the League of Nations.

A Break with the Past

Now, this suggestion, which was first outlined in detail in 1919, presented a fresh viewpoint and was a novel proposal. Time was required for its acceptance. Wise men and women do not at once accept a new thing which seems to break with the past. So it was with the League itself.

One by one, however, leaders of thought in literature, in religion, and politics were attracted by the idea of organising the goodwill of Europe along these lines, and among them was Mr. John Galsworthy, who made this statement in a letter to The Times: "There is perhaps one way, already put forward by Mr. D. A. Peat, by which Youth could avoid a repetition of the past, and that is by binding itself not to take up arms in any international quarrel which had not been first submitted to arbitration by the League."

Today the movement counts among its supporters Norman Angell, Sir Philip Gibbs, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Stuart Holden, Miss Maude Royden, and other well-known men and women. This organisation is seeking to instil in

AN OLD HOUSE REBORN

New Museum with a Wonderful Home

GATHERING TOGETHER OUR SEA HISTORY

Drake's astrolabe, Captain Cook's compass and dipping needle, a sea chest from the Victory, and Admiralty scale models of British battleships from 1670 to the days of the Dreadnought—these are only some of the things we shall be able to see when the Naval and Nautical Museum is opened in five years' time.

The new museum will have a wonderful home. The Queen's House, Greenwich, was built by one of England's greatest architects, Inigo Jones, who laid out Lincoln's Inn, the first of the London squares, and built many famous houses and churches, including the Banqueting Hall through whose window Charles Stuart stepped on to the scaffold. Like many another Englishman's, Jones's genius was first recognised by foreigners, and he was appointed architect to the King of Denmark before he became famous at home. In 1605 he became architect to the Queen of England who was the Danish consort of James the First.

Closed for a Hundred Years

The Queen's House at Greenwich was a lovely thing, but it has been closed to the public for the last 100 years, most of its beauty masked by hideous "improvements," such as an asphalt forecourt and walls smeared with stucco. It was used by the officers of the Royal Hospital School, where 1000 boys are in training for the Navy.

Happily, Inigo Jones's original plans have been preserved at Worcester College, Oxford, and so it will be possible to restore it exactly to its original state. Already work has been begun on the Tapestry Room and the beautiful ceiling of the Queen's Bedroom.

Never has a museum had greater good fortune, for it will be housed in a lovely and historical building, it will receive famous relics from the Admiralty, the Tower of London, and private collections, and it will surely be greatly loved. It will be kept up by the Office of Works.

THE BOY HE WANTED

A Little Fellow of Westminster

The Advisory Committees for Juvenile Employment have just issued a report on their work for 1926.

There are 123 Committees in England and Wales and 35 in Scotland. They endeavour to help children to find work on leaving school, and employers keep in touch with the Committees.

One gentleman living in Westminster asked for an office boy, and wrote:

I want an honest little fellow with rather dirty knees and a thorough understanding that life is a struggle. I prefer him to be short, sturdily built, either very fair and dirty faced, or dark and red faced, with just a suspicion of cold in the head.

A boy was soon found to suit him, and the Advisory Committee wished there were more employers like this one!

Continued from the previous column

its supporters the highest patriotism. In the words of Maude Royden, "In this movement we have an opportunity to organise ourselves and to give form and reality to the floating goodwill which is in the world."

In the near future the Personal Service for Peace movement hopes to form a Junior League for boys and girls, and any readers interested should communicate with the Hon. Secretary, David A. Peat, at 107, Ladbroke Road, London, W.11. The Editor of the C.N. will rejoice to be of service to this most hopeful movement.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A fox, a badger, and an otter have been seen of late in Richmond Park.

The first woman police doctor in the country has just been appointed at Manchester.

The District Council of Barry has refused to allow Sunday photography on the beach.

A shell left by Tank gunners on the range at Lulworth Cove exploded and killed a nurse.

A Gift for Research

The University of Wales has received an anonymous gift of £10,000 for the encouragement of research.

Catacombs at Melos

Catacombs of the earliest Christian period have been discovered during excavations in the island of Melos.

Montgomery's Historic Past

Montgomery, the second oldest royal borough in Wales, has been keeping the 700th anniversary of its first charter.

Lost, a Torpedo

A reward of £5 has been offered by the Admiralty for the return of a torpedo lost in the Firth of Forth.

A Happy Catch

A window cleaner, losing his footing on a third-floor window in Manchester, caught the arm of a lamp-post as he fell, and escaped with a broken arm.

Swim Round an Island

A German girl has swum round Heligoland, nearly four and a half miles, in just over four hours.

Windsor's New Organist

Sir Walford Davies, who sang in the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as a boy, has now accepted the post of organist there.

Hill 60

Hill 60, near Ypres, the scene of desperate fighting during the war, has been presented to the British nation by Mr. J. J. Calder.

The Guard of Honour

At the marriage of the porter of Newmarket Workhouse to a nurse at the infirmary 28 tramps formed a guard of honour, holding their tea-cans aloft.

A Camp Discovery

The boys of Moreland Street School, Finsbury Park, have brought back from their camp, near Whitstable the bones of an ox of the Stone Age.

All's Well that Ends Well

A horse which strayed on to the line at North Bromley Station lately fell on a live electric rail, but the current was turned off and it was rescued with ropes.

PLAYING IVANHOE

A Little Drama for Small People

THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT: A Play. By Teresa F. Wilson (Stockwell. 2s.).

Brief plays for children, for domestic or school acting, with some dramatic and literary substance in them, are not very easy to find. This play, taken from Scott's Ivanhoe, is an excellent illustration of what may be done successfully by a Christmas group of young people and children or by a school.

Its origin is interesting. When the children of Lord and Lady Aberdeen were growing up, with child friends around them, Miss Teresa Wilson, who was Lady Aberdeen's secretary, made up this little play of nine scenes from that fine children's book Ivanhoe, and now it is published for general use.

The words, except one or two songs, are all from the book. They are admirably selected, and grouped to have movement and dramatic effect. There are a dozen considerable characters and half a dozen smaller parts, with room for other actors to join in as crowds, attendants, and so on.

In an introduction Lord Aberdeen testifies to the success of the piece as it was originally produced, and we can well believe that it plays with brightness and vigour.

DEGANAWIDA

A RED INDIAN AND WHAT HE DID

Stone Age People and the First League of Nations

THE TWO HIAWATHAS

A learned American is busy putting the final touches to a great work which has occupied him nearly thirty years and has a special interest for all who believe in the League of Nations.

This is the history of the Federation of the Five Nations of Red Indians, the Mohawk, the Onondaga, the Oneida, the Cayuga, and the Seneca. C.N. readers have often heard of this League of the Iroquois, one of the noblest institutions of the sixteenth century, but Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt, of the Smithsonian Institution, has found out many new facts about it.

A Noble Founder

There is one fact for the discovery of which we shall, perhaps, feel far from grateful to Mr. Hewitt. We have always thought the founder of the League was Hiawatha, the hero of Longfellow's wonderful poem, but that, alas! is not so. There was a Hiawatha connected with the League, an Iroquois tribal chief converted from cannibalism, but he was not Longfellow's Hiawatha.

But in place of the old Hiawatha Mr. Hewitt has found for us a new and very noble figure as founder of the League, that of Deganawida, lawgiver, statesman, and prophet. Deganawida, he tells us, was appalled by the relentless feuds which turned the Iroquoian country into a highway of blood, and he determined to find a means of ensuring peace among all the known tribes of men. It took him many years of missionary work among the tribesmen, aided by his two lieutenants, Hiawatha and the woman chieftain Djigonsasen. Djigonsasen belonged to what was known as the Neutral Nation, a warlike tribe which was neutral in the wars between the Iroquois and the Hurons.

How Peace was Kept

It was probably under the inspiration of this woman that Deganawida came to a very remarkable decision in the organisation of his league. The League was governed by a Council of Chiefs representing the clans of the tribes, each elected by the women of his clan; and he made it a rule that the Chief of the Council could not go to war so long as he held that office. Two very effective ways, surely, of giving the Council a bias on the side of peace!

But perhaps the most remarkable part of Deganawida's work was the statement of the principles on which the League was to be run. It was to be based, he said, on three sets of double principles, as he called them. These were Health and Peace, Righteousness and Justice, Authority and Harmony; and each of these double principles was to be practised both between man and man and between man and Nature.

All this was 350 years ago, when the Iroquois Indians were still in their Stone Age. How toilfully and painfully our twentieth-century civilisation is limping after them on the trail they blazed!

C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND

We give below a list of a few more contributions to the C.N. Birthday Fund on behalf of the Little Folks Convalescent Home at Bexhill. The total sum received is £522 18s.

£1 1s. Mrs. Hughes and Nieces, Antigua. £1. T. H. Robinson, New Zealand. 10s. F. M. Trice, Victoria, Australia; Mrs. Wilder's Four Children, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand. 7s. 6d. Three C.N. Readers, Melbourne. 5s. Helen, Robert, and Eirene Unwin, Winchester, New Zealand. 2s. 6d. Jack Duthie, New Zealand; R. T. Urshaw.

August 20, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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FINDING THINGS OUT

A DETECTIVE'S
CLEVER WAYThe Moths in the Radiator of
a Motor-CarTHE NATURALIST AS
POLICEMAN

Writers of detective stories for the novel, the stage, and the film often involve us in stupid, unreal confusion, and help us at last out of the clumsy complexities by unnatural and illogical processes. Real life at times is as romantic as the film.

How the naturalist can outwit the unlearned has just come to light in the Paris law courts, where a detective, lunching at an inn in the country near the capital, had as fellow-travellers in the room two young fellows who used curious slang terms peculiar to thieves. So he quietly followed them out to their motor-car at the end of the meal. In conversation they had told him that, but for their brief drive from Paris that morning, they had not been out for several days.

Unexpected Evidence

Wedge in the radiator of their car, however, was a number of insects. They might have been butterflies, which fly by day, but the naturalist-detective recognised them as moths, which fly only at night. They were still fresh, hence they must have flown into the radiator the previous night.

Confounded by this unexpected evidence, the young men confessed that they had stolen the car and had committed a robbery while the tell-tale moths flew into the radiator. They were members of a gang of eleven notorious motor-car thieves, all of whom have now been arrested.

Cuvier and the Students

Cuvier, the great French naturalist, would have rejoiced over this triumph of a naturalist. A great teacher, he showed his students, long before such facts had been commonly grasped, that flesh-eating animals have claws, while herb-eaters (the herbivores) and grain-eaters (or graminivorous animals) have hoofs and horns.

One night when he was asleep a party of his students, dressed up as wild beasts, entered his room and cried in hollow tones, "Cuvier, Cuvier, we've come to eat you!"

Cuvier sat up, rubbed his eyes, and stared at the invaders. "What! Horns? Hoofs? Graminivorous! You can't!" he roared in delight.

SELLING A QUEEN'S GIFT

The Weir of Colwyn Bay

Once more we are reminded of Queen Elizabeth; this time not by the sale of a tragic ring, but by the sale of a fishing weir.

The Queen granted the weir at Rhos-on-Sea to the Earl of Leicester, the man who wooed her for twenty years. Yet he was the least worthy of all the Queen's favourite courtiers, and was suspected of having caused the death of more than one enemy by poison. It is thought that his own sudden death in 1588 was due to poison, and was an act of revenge; but he was handsome, charming, and clever, and the Queen would not believe ill of him.

The fishing weir she gave him has now been bought by Colwyn Bay for £8000. In the sale of the weir is included a little oratory on the foreshore which was an ancient monument in the days when Elizabeth was a girl, for it was used by Cistercian monks in the twelfth century.

The very enterprising Council of Colwyn Bay has bought a great deal of history as well as valuable fishing rights, and we hope no ratepayer will think he is not getting his money's worth.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK

IN ART

The Schoolmaster of Painting

Titian died on August 27, 1576.

In the front rank of Venetian painters (a rank in himself, as we might say) is the famous Titian, whose life covered most of a century. His real name was Tiziano Vecellio. He was born in the mountains north of Venice, near Cadore, about 1477, and in early boyhood was sent to stay with an uncle in Venice and learn a trade.

Tiziano and his uncle decided on the trade of painting, and the lad was sent to the workshop of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini. We hear of him helping to finish Giorgione's pictures, and very soon producing masterpieces of his own. The death of Giorgione in 1511 left him without a rival, the foremost painter of Venice.

An Adventurer in Art

In more ways than one the world was before him, for this man, who shares with Raphael the place of the greatest painter Europe has ever known, cared little what he set his brush to so long as he was painting. He was to the end an adventurer in the realm of art. His first work, when he was a young man, was of a rather dry and careful nature. In his maturity the golden fire was running in his canvases, and when he was an old man he was painting with the vigour and spring that one associates with youth.

His best portraits, like the Man with the Glove in the Louvre and that of Charles the Fifth at Munich, make one stand in awe at the achievement of an ordinary human being. He painted religious subjects, pagan themes, home pictures, and loved most the great allegorical scenes where his passionate sense of life and movement, colour and light, could have play.

Titian the Man

As a man he was rather tiresome; that seems the only word for it. The lords of Venice had to extend to him an undying patience and charity. He was for ever promising and excusing himself for delay in fulfilling the promise. He had a shrewd sense of values, and was greedy of preferments, pensions, honours.

At the same time we have to remember that he was the greatest painter in Italy, and knew it. To be an acknowledged genius, the foremost man of the day, the favoured child of fortune, is a far greater test of character than any adversity could be. Titian knew quite well that there was no prince of Europe, no pope, no great lady who did not long to be painted by him. He was flattered, followed about.

His Long Career

No honour was too great for the painter of Venice. Once when Titian was painting he dropped a brush, and an emperor (it was Charles the Fifth) sprang to pick it up for him.

Time flung no darts at the veteran genius. He worked on to the end, showing few signs of failing powers. Then, quite suddenly, he died of the plague. He was buried with public honours, like a prince of the realm.

Titian's pictures happily are to be seen in all the galleries of Europe. He remains the schoolmaster of painting as the centuries go by. We have only five of his pictures in the National Gallery, but it will take us all our lives to try to understand them.

A PIGEON'S 6000 MILES

A carrier pigeon which fell exhausted on the deck of the *Homer* on its outward voyage has been restored to its owner after a free trip of 6000 miles to America and back.

MIXING UP THE
LANGUAGESA Victor Hugo Story
CAXTON'S LITTLE ERROR

Who that has occasion to use a language not his own does not realise the peril of error and tremble at the absurdities he may commit?

Britons, whose language takes them round the world, and who, therefore, have less need than people constantly in touch with foreigners to learn languages, are supposed to be peculiarly apt to blunder, and we all make unblushing confession of our weakness. But we are not alone.

Mr. F. Moy Thomas, whose father translated Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea* into English, has been telling how his father convicted the great Frenchman of a ludicrous mistake, and found the great novelist neither grateful nor willing to be corrected.

Mount Tmolus and the Oak

In the book Hugo writes of our Firth of Forth, and in his ignorance thought the name meant First of the Fourth. So he wrote the French equivalent, *Première de la Quatrième*. When the Englishman pointed out the error Hugo would not hear of any correction, declaring that he had the authority of the Paris Observatory for his expression!

What could be more amusing than some of the slips made by our immortal Caxton in his translation from a French version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*? In the fable which makes Mount Tmolus go to act as judge in the flute-playing contest between Apollo and the satyr Marsyas Ovid represents the mountain as brushing from his ears the trees that grew upon him.

Just one oak he permitted to remain, with its acorns hanging about his hollow temples, but Caxton translates the lines so that the huge mountain is made to retain the solitary oak and to *sit upon it*! We can almost fancy we hear the shade of Caxton chuckle as his "howler" is detected.

THE EAGLES AND THE
LAMBS

Sad News from Australia

Eagle shooting in Australia must be rather an exciting business.

In South Australia this year the young lambs have been weaker than usual owing to the dry weather. In some districts groups of nearly a score of eagles have been seen watching the waterholes where the sheep drink, and an unusually large number of lambs have disappeared into the eyries.

It is difficult to dispose of the eagles by poison, as they are able to throw up strychnine bait when they find it disagreeing with them, so that shooting is the only practicable way of dealing with them. The difficulty is to get within range! An eagle's head is worth half-a-crown.

See World Map

PEOPLE WHO MEET

A Talk at a Tennis Party

A correspondent who lives in a very small country town sends us this interesting note of a tennis party she was at.

I was talking to a country doctor about Russia. He suddenly told me, to my great surprise, that he had been to Russia just before the war, and had met the Royal Family.

The Tsaritsa was a charming woman, he said, talking English beautifully. The princesses were all there, laughing and gay, and speaking English with ease, but the Tsaritsa was specially charming. He said: "I realised that, for she had a slight heart attack when I happened to be there, and I was able to be of some little help to her, and she thanked me in a gracious way absolutely her own."

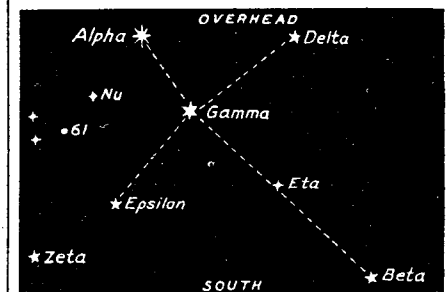
THE NORTHERN
CROSSCYGNUS AND ITS
BRIGHTEST STARSPoint of Light 8000 Times
Brighter Than Our SunMEASURING DISTANCES WITH
THE SPECTROSCOPE

By the C.N. Astronomer

The splendid constellation of Cygnus, popularly known as the Northern Cross, is now overhead about 10 p.m. and easily found with the help of the star map.

The form of the quite obvious Latin Cross is produced by the five brightest stars of Cygnus the Swan, which make it a much better representation of a cross than the stars of the Southern Cross.

The beautiful first-magnitude star Alpha at the head of the cross is one of the most singular suns of the heavens, for its surface, to judge by its spectrum, is in an exceptional state of terrific



The chief stars of Cygnus, showing those composing the Northern Cross

tornado. There such elements as iron, chromium, and titanium are in an ionised state of vapour.

Alpha in Cygnus is also known as Arid and Deneb, and though appearing to us not quite so bright as Vega (a little way to the west) it is actually much larger. Indeed, if Alpha is really at the estimated distance of between 500 and 600 light-years this magnificent sun must radiate at least 80 times as much light as Vega and 8000 times as much as our Sun. Thus we may gain some idea of the immensity of this sun, which is approaching us at 150 miles a minute and yet in a hundred years will appear no nearer, so vast is its distance.

Beta in Cygnus, or Albireo, is one of the most beautiful stellar gems known, for it is composed of two suns (easily seen in a small telescope), the larger, third-magnitude, one being of a golden yellow hue, and the smaller one, of 5½ magnitude, being blue.

Gamma in Cygnus

Spectroscopic calculation shows that they are some 6½ million times as far away as our Sun, and that their light has taken 99 years to reach us. Gamma in Cygnus is another giant sun, recent measurements at Mount Wilson Observatory indicating that it is 233 light-years distant, or 14,800,000 times as far as our Sun; so, to appear so bright at this distance, this colossal furnace must be some thousands of times as large.

Delta in Cygnus is but 60 light-years distant, and is also composed of two suns, apparently very close together; these take upward of 250 years to revolve round one another, and radiate about twenty times the light of our Sun.

Epsilon in Cygnus is a sun similar to our own, but very much larger and 4,900,000 times as far away; its light taking about 74 years to reach us.

From Zeta light has taken 125 years to reach us and from Eta 90 years. Eta is composed of two suns.

Another double star, 61 in Cygnus, is of very great interest because it is the nearest of all the stellar host above us at the present time. But this must be dealt with next week.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus west, Saturn south-west, Jupiter and Uranus south-east.

THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure

By Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 41

The Fall of the Fort

LOOKING from the window into the courtyard of the house, Michael had seen a palanquin standing against the wall. At first he had paid little attention to it; then, noticing its red lacquer with gold decoration, he thought it must be rather old and probably valuable; and then he was visited by a sudden inspiration.

"Whose palanquin is that?" he asked.

Chang questioned Hi Fo, who replied that it had once belonged to a mandarin but was now the property of Ming Wang Tang.

"Are there any more in the village?"

"Yes," said Hi Fo, "there are two: not so good as this. One is used sometimes by the Russian, the other by the wife of the headman of the village."

"You remember the Wooden Horse of Troy, Larry?" said Michael.

"Hollow, wasn't it?" said Larry, looking puzzled. "And some Greek warriors were hidden inside. But you don't mean—?"

"Yes, I do! And there's no time to lose. Any moment we may hear that Wang's vessels have been sighted returning up the creek, and then we're absolutely done for."

For a few minutes there was a hurried consultation between the Englishmen and Chang, followed by a conversation between Chang and Hi Fo and his fellow-villagers. Half an hour later the result was seen.

A procession set forth from the village. At the head went Wang's handsome palanquin, carried by the men usually employed in that office. It was followed by the two others, these shabby and in ill repair. The men at the poles were stout villagers whom Hi Fo had recommended as trustworthy fellows who might be depended on in a scrimmage. To all seeming they were unarmed; but each had, tucked out of sight in his belt, a long knife. The curtains of all the palanquins were drawn, so that it was impossible to see who were being borne along in these old-fashioned vehicles.

Behind the last of the palanquins marched a string of pirates, each apparently leading by a short rope a pinioned prisoner. But if anyone had had the curiosity to examine the ropes carefully he would have seen that the parts were, in fact, reversed: that the ends of the ropes had been so arranged that the apparent prisoners were free, whereas they were firmly tied about the wrists of the pirates.

Each pirate carried a gun, but it was not charged, nor did it bear a bayonet. The seeming prisoners, on the other hand, all had knives somewhere about their persons, and two or three had pistols also.

Some distance behind the prisoners and their escort trudged a company of villagers: all the able-bodied men who could be spared from guarding Ming Wang Tang, still captive in his house, and a few of his more resolute followers who could not be depended on to lend themselves quietly to the carrying out of Michael's plans. This ragged company was led by Hi Fo.

The procession made its slow way through the village, watched with awe and wonder by the old folk and the women and children. Neither the apparent prisoners nor their escort looked happy. The prisoners, hastily instructed in the part they were to play, were anxious and nervous. The Englishmen, it was true, especially the big man with the red face, had seemed very confident, but it was hard to believe that the pirates whom they had so much reason to dread would not break loose as soon as they came near their friends in the fort.

On and on they went, by winding tracks across the fields, past the joss-house in the distance, drawing nearer to the fort. Presently, in obedience to instructions, Hi Fo halted his party under cover of a clump of scrub, and the rest went on.

When they came near the little settlement on the shore of the lake a number of men hastened to meet them. This was a contingency that had not been provided against, and the bearers of the leading palanquin were observed to slacken their pace. But Ah Sung, not for the first time, showed himself to be a man of resource. He was the first of the seeming prisoners. While the approaching men were still some distance away Ah Sung fiercely whispered a few words in the ear of the pirate to whom he was attached. The man hesitated; whereupon Ah Sung moved up quickly but unobtrusively, as if stumbling against him, and pricked him gently between the shoulder-blades with his knife.

This practical hint was sufficient. The pirate shouted an order to the newcomers to retire and await the commands of Ming Wang Tang at the small jetty by the lakeside, which was out of sight of the drawbridge entrance to the fort. The men were well disciplined. They turned at once and made off in a group toward the place indicated.

The procession continued on its way straight toward the drawbridge. That was still up when the chief's palanquin reached the brink of the lake. But then it began slowly to descend. The hands of the villagers, the seeming captives, might have been seen stealing toward the weapons they carried concealed upon them; and whatever restiveness the pirates might have felt was restrained by their perception of that significant movement.

The drawbridge came down; its end rested on the shore; and the bearers of the leading palanquin, who had suffered a few anxious moments as they waited, passed on with their burden. The other palanquins and the tail of the procession slowly crossed the bridge and passed through the rather narrow gate into the fort enclosure, where a few of the garrison were assembling to greet their chief.

It was only then that a sharp word of command, not at all Chinese, sounded from the chief's palanquin. The bearers of all three set down their loads. The curtains were swept aside, and out of those three old-fashioned Chinese vehicles three white men, armed to the teeth, burst upon the surprised and bewildered garrison.

CHAPTER 42

Pursuit of the Borosina

THE pirates who were close to the palanquins were so completely stupefied by the appearance of the white men that they stood open-mouthed while the next move in the pre-arranged scheme was carried out. There was an instant change of parts: the villagers who had seemed to be prisoners snatched the unloaded guns from the men who had apparently escorted them and drove them helter-skelter toward the cage in which Larry had been confined.

But the commotion had drawn out into the open others of the garrison who had been within doors. They, more remote from the scene, had not utterly lost their wits, but, perceiving that only three white men were in command of a rabble of villagers, they rushed into one of the sheds for their arms.

Larry noticed the movement. "That's where they keep their rifles," he shouted, and sprinted after them.

Michael and Bunce were immediately at his heels. They reached the door of the shed just as the pirates were returning. Bunce felled the foremost with a

sledge-hammer blow before he could raise his rifle; Michael and Larry each tackled his man, and prevented the others from firing; and the sudden inrush of Hi Fo with the rest of the villagers, whom he had held in reserve until he had seen the palanquins safely enter the fort, made the pirates realise that they were outnumbered, and they abandoned even the hope of resistance.

It seemed that the fort had been won without anything that could be called a struggle, and all that remained was to raise the drawbridge to prevent any interference from the land side.

At this moment Ah Sung shouted "Hai! Hai!" and pointed upward at the platform adjoining the wall. Michael saw the back of a pirate disappearing through the embrasure. "How many have gone through?" he asked.

"Tlee foa," replied Ah Sung. "My look-see tlee foa bad fella come that side, belongy go-down."

Michael understood that the three or four men had slipped out of a shed which had not yet been rounded up, and he guessed what they were about. He ran to the platform steps, ascended in three leaps, and, rushing to the embrasure, saw two men swimming toward the vessels moored at the lakeside and two more scrambling down the rocks. There could be no doubt of their intention; it was to give the alarm and to send word of what had happened in the fort down the creek to the flotilla.

Michael looked around. At the far end of the platform was a gun commanding the lakeside. "Bunce!" he cried. "Come up here. Quick!"

"Ay, ay, sir," called the seaman, and in a few seconds stood by his side.

"Can you work a gun?" asked Michael, pointing to the weapon, apparently an old four-pounder.

"Ay, sir, I can make shift. Some years ago I served aboard a river steamer that carried just such a kicker as that. But, bless your eyes, it's no more than a pop-gun!"

"But it may serve our turn. See if it's loaded."

Bunce examined it. "There's no shell in it, but it's been kept clean, which is something to say. Where's the ammunition, sir?"

"I've no idea. And that junk yonder has got her anchor up already and is making off!" He ran to the inner edge of the platform. "Chang," he cried, "get one of the garrison to tell you where the shells are kept."

What means of persuasion Chang used Michael never knew; but in less than a minute a shell was handed to Bunce, and others were being hastily brought up. The junk was already under way;

smaller vessels were towing her until her sails felt the wind; and as she moved from her moorings she disclosed a vessel which had been hidden from Michael's gaze.

"Mirski's motor-launch!" he ejaculated. "This is worse than I thought."

There was a deafening roar beside him. An instant later the junk's mainmast fell with a crash, the huge sail smothering the crew in its folds.

"A good shot, Bunce," said Michael, "and no lives lost. Can you hit that motor-boat?"

"It can't be done, sir, not from here. She's farther out, and I can't slew the gun round so as to cover her."

"Can't you move the gun?" asked Michael, who, having seen that the activity of the crews on the sailing vessel had ceased, was wholly intent on stopping the launch.

"Certain sure," replied Bunce, "but not in time. The launch is already on the move, and by the time I got the gun in position she'd be too small a mark for me."

"Then what is to be done? The launch mustn't be allowed to get away. Ah Sung, fetch up Hi Fo; he probably knows more about the creek than anyone except Lo Ping. Wailo fetchee Hi Fo chop-chop. And you, Bunce, I think you had better go down and help my brother. You'll have to keep an eye on our prisoners, you know."

With Ah Sung returned Hi Fo and Chang, who acted as interpreter in the rapid consultation that followed. Hi Fo declared that as the tide was coming in the launch would have to make headway against the current for at least two hours. There would be just time enough to make off across country and intercept her at some point down the creek.

"Then we'll chance it, Chang. I'll ask you to stay with Larry and Bunce; Ah Sung will come with me and Hi Fo. Bunce must fire another shot if any other vessels show signs of moving; but I don't fancy they will."

After a brief conversation with his brother Michael set off with Hi Fo and Ah Sung on their five-mile march. They started at a gentle trot, too slow for Michael's impatient spirit; but he knew that it was fast enough if they were to keep up the pace for any considerable distance.

Suddenly they heard the characteristic clang-clang of the motor-boat close by. The winding of the creek had brought pursuers and pursued near to each other. Dropping under cover, they peered through the bushes and saw the boat less than half a mile away. Then they lost sight of it. Hi Fo said something rapidly to Ah Sung. "He say we gotta makee plenty quick; boat got all-same chop-chop wailo; hab got foa li up along piecee fella; no can catchee this time."

The launch was travelling faster than Hi Fo had expected. They still had four li to go, and would fail to catch their quarry unless they mended their pace.

Resuming their trot, they struck at length the path across the swamp, came to the chain, and began to haul themselves over. Michael, the last of the three to cross, happened to glance to the left, and thought he saw a face peering through the reeds of the swamp some fifty yards away. He felt surprise mingled with misgiving, but there was no time to stop to investigate the matter, and in a few moments he had completed the crossing and joined his friends.

They kept up a regular trot until, weary and breathless, they arrived at the brink of the pool in which the Bantam was moored. And as they were climbing into the vessel Michael heard the high-pitched voice of Lo Ping saying, in the suavest of tones, "Honourable sir, it is with decided affliction of spirit that I have to announce a regrettable calamity. The Russian, that ill-doer whose name is Mirski, has escaped from my custody."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Blue Peter

WHEN Peter was two months old he was a delightful ball of smoke-blue fluff, with eyes as softly azure as the petals of Love-in-a-Mist.

He was fit to be the darling of a fairy princess; instead of which a commander in the Navy came along, bought the Persian kitten for two pounds ten shillings, and took him away to be the mascot of a cruiser and the pet of all her crew.

Peter liked his home on the rolling waves. He throve in it, and, though keeping mostly to the quarterdeck and his master's company, he was wise enough to pay dignified attentions to the cook.

The innocent blue eyes of his kittenhood changed to the golden orange orbs of the cat. Peter grew till he looked like a small blue lion, weighing eighteen pounds.

He used to go ashore sometimes on leave with his master, and when he jumped from the table the floor shook beneath him.

All the four years of war Peter shared the fortunes of his human friends, roaming the North Sea, being hidden under hatches when the guns spoke and the battles began.

But it was in the days of peace that his great adventure happened.

It was a grey, squally day out at sea. The cruiser was returning from the Orkney Isles, having gone there for sand to be scoured with after coaling. Though a gale was blowing, pleasant smells of cooking food came from below.

Peter, regardless of the dirty weather and quite confident in his sea-legs, was trotting nimbly along the quarterdeck, all anxiety to make one of the party at the captain's dinner-table, when a great wave mounted the side and swept overboard, carrying on its crest the kicking, clawing form of the ship's darling down into the depths below.

There was a cry of dismay, and before anyone could stop him a bluejacket had dived from the ship's side into the welter of water to try to save the cat.

The cruiser wallowed in the trough of the wave. All that the other men could do for the daring swimmer was to fling a rope down to him.

Suddenly a great laugh arose, and the men called out, "Make haste, Tom, or the cat will be aboard before you. Hi! here he rises!"

When Peter received his terrific sousing stout-heartedly he refused to sink. For dear life he paddled, and the water bore up his chin. He saw a second rope hanging over the ship's side, and fixed his claws in it.

No able-bodied mariner, no long-tailed monkey even, could have made his way up that rope more quickly than Peter did, paw over paw in the approved fashion, till he reached the deck, two minutes before his would-be rescuer was pulled up to safety!

SMALL NAVIES FOR ALL

The eyes of the world have been on Geneva, where three great Powers have been discussing the limitation of naval armaments. In My Magazine for September, now on sale everywhere, will be found a navy small enough for all, models of little boats that have stirred the world from age to age. Here are a few more of the contents of this best of all magazines:

The Life an Animal Forgets

And What It Remembers

The Miracle of One Man's Life

The Pen That Touched the Hearts of Men

Out of the Granite Rocks

The Story of a Restless Drop of Liquid

Don Quixote's Land

Cities and Peoples of Spain

The Earth Never Comes Back

The Everlasting Journey of Mankind

England's Most Successful Woman

The Amazing Story of Queen Elizabeth

Among the illustrations is a fine set of pictures in photogravure showing life among the Spanish people, besides many others in colour. Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

August 20, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

11



The Birds Are Gossiping in the Orchard Trees



THE BRAN TUB

Is Your Name Here?

WHEN the letters of the following jumbled words are arranged in their proper order they will spell the names of boys and girls. Can you find your name?

SHACLER
FIRINDEW
HOOTDRY
YESDIN
HARRUT
LINEDRAG
NORAIM
YATCHIN

RANEDOL
SHATOM
NEKELHAT
GREATARM
NARRDEB
DRADEW
RIPAITAC
LEENVY

Answers next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Silver Pheasant

The Silver Pheasant of South China was introduced into England early in the last century. It has an extremely long white tail, and is one of the largest and most powerful of the tribe. A picture of it is embroidered as a badge on the dresses of Chinese mandarins.

Is Your Name Galloway?

PEOPLE with this name are of Scottish descent, the surname being derived from the district in Scotland from which their ancestors originally came. Galloway is a term used for the counties of Kirkcudbright and Wigtown, and means the land of a Gaelic race under the rule of the Galls, or Norwegian foreigners.

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. Part of a bird. A thought. Something very near. An entrance.

Answer next week

Idi On Parle Français

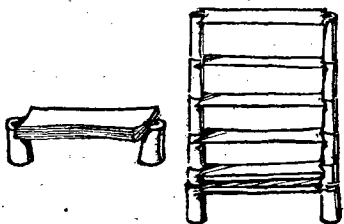


Le narcissus des bois Le poignard Le basset allemand

Allons cueillir le narcissus des bois. Le poignard est une arme d'assassin. Le basset allemand a les jambes torses.

How to Make a Paper Ladder

TAKE a piece of strong brown paper about two feet long by five inches wide. (After a little practice a smaller and thinner piece will do.) Roll it round a walking stick, gum down the end, and take the stick out. Slightly flatten the roll when the gum is dry, cut it nearly through near either end, and then cut across to join the two previous cuts. Gently squeeze the



ends till they are round again and then bend them back so that they make the ends of a rough bench, as in the illustration.

Then, holding down the outside of the legs, draw up the insides so that they make two tapering columns with the cut parts between them like the rungs of a ladder. This last operation is better done with two pairs of hands than with one.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

MARTINS now begin to collect in great numbers on the roofs of houses. Starlings are collecting in flocks. Winged ants migrate. The goldspot moth appears. Peaches are ripe. The autumnal germination is in blossom. Berries of the yew are ripening.

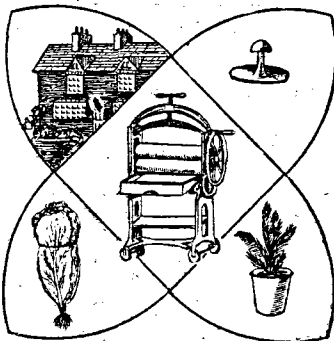


Looking South 10 a.m., Aug. 23

Floating a Needle

ALTHOUGH it sounds impossible, it is quite easy to float a needle in a basin of water. All that is required is a small square of tissue paper. Place the needle on it, and then gently lay the piece of paper on the water. The paper will soon sink, leaving the needle floating on the water. The needle will probably remain on the surface for a considerable time, but, of course, it will sink if the water is disturbed.

A Picture Puzzle



WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown in these pictures take two consecutive letters from each word, and these pairs of letters, arranged in their proper order, will spell the name of an English city.

Answer next week

A Hint for Cyclists

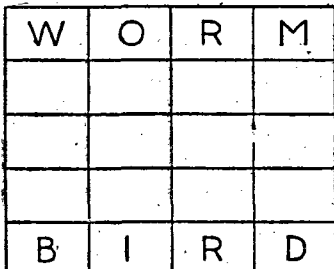
WHEN a bicycle tyre goes down soon after being pumped up the cyclist sometimes jumps to the conclusion that it is punctured, and takes it off to repair it. Before doing this, however, it is wise to make sure that the leak is not in the valve, where it can be easily repaired without removing the tyre.

To test this it is only necessary to immerse the valve in an eggcup full of water, when bubbles will show if there is a leak. The trouble can then be repaired by putting a new piece of rubber tube in the valve.

How the Artesian Well Got its Name

AN artesian well is a spouting well, bored down to such a depth and at such a place that, owing to the formation of the strata, the water pressure is sufficient to force the water to the surface. It gets its name from the oldest well of this kind in Europe, bored in Artois, France, in 1126. Now the name is used for any very deep well.

Changeling



Change the word Worm into Bird with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

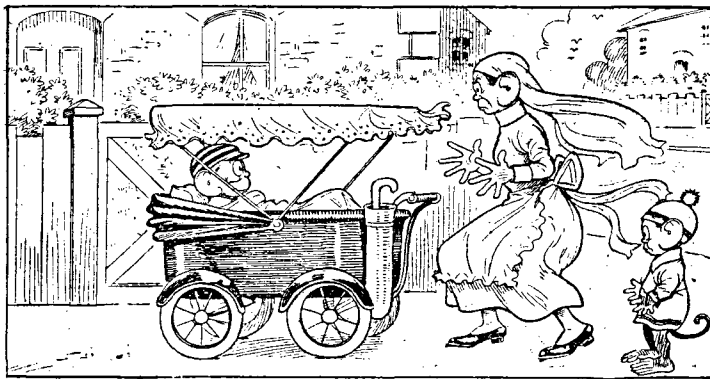
Jacko in the Park

JACKO often went into the park on fine mornings. He was very fond of lying on the grass in the sun, and as long as he only did that he didn't get into trouble.

But sometimes he made himself a regular nuisance, and then the keepers were after him like a shot. They all knew him by sight, and kept a strict watch whenever he appeared.

One morning Jacko ran into the park feeling specially mischievous. The very first thing he did was to climb a tree.

One of the keepers caught sight of him and could hardly believe his eyes. Unfortunately, Jacko had chosen a very



The nurse had the surprise of her life

rare fir, which had been planted with great ceremony by the mayor many years before, so the keeper was doubly wild.

"Come down at once!" he shouted, peering up at the young rascal through the branches. But the only answer was a well-directed fir cone which hit him on the nose.

The keeper fairly bellowed with rage.

"I shall fetch a ladder!" he shouted, as he beat a hasty retreat. "Just you wait till I get you down!"

But Jacko had no intention of waiting. The moment the keeper was out of sight he slipped out of the tree.

"Coo! What a sell!" he said with a grin, as he strolled along a nice shady path and admired the flower-beds.

He felt perfectly safe as he was sure the keeper hadn't known who was up the tree. But he was wrong about that; the keeper knew much more than Jacko thought, and when he came back and found the bird had flown he started to search the park.

And suddenly he came face to face with Jacko, who was strolling along as if he hadn't a care in the world.

"D'ye think you're going to escape me?" roared the keeper, making a dive at him. "No, my fine young gentleman, I've got you this time!"

But he hadn't. He was much too clumsy, and Jacko was off down the path like a flash.

He would have got away easily if all the other keepers hadn't heard the shouting and joined in the chase. That made things rather difficult, and at last Jacko was so hard pressed that he would certainly have been caught if he hadn't seen an empty perambulator. The nurse had taken the child out of it to play on the grass. In a twinkling Jacko had jumped in and pulled the coverlet well over him.

The keepers searched everywhere, but they couldn't find Jacko. He was wheeled out of the park right under their very eyes. Luckily for Jacko, the child wanted to walk; and though the perambulator must have seemed particularly heavy that day the nurse never discovered why until she got home. And then she got the surprise of her life.

Altogether Jacko was the only person who seems to have enjoyed that morning.

What Is It?

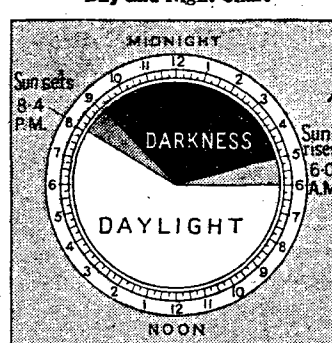
My first is in hatter but not in dent,
My second's in sending and also in sent,
My third is in shining but not in glow,
My fourth is in sorrow and also in woe,
My fifth is in ladder but not in stair,
My sixth is in cherry and also in pear,
My whole is a thing that you now have in mind,
It's what I am asking you to try and find.

Answer next week

Proverbs About Work

DON'T let the plough stand to kill a mouse.
He that will not work must want.
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
No bees, no honey; no work, no money.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

A Big Plateful!

TRAVELLER (newly arrived): What do you advise for dinner, waiter?

WAITER: Anything you like, sir.

TRAVELLER: But what are you famous for?

WAITER: Well, there's the castle, and the town hall, and the public library!

That's Flat

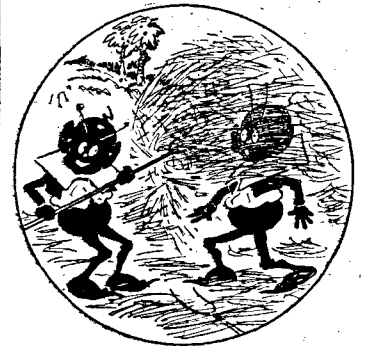
BRAGGED a Skate on the floor of the sea,
"I'm as flat as a flat fish can be."
But a Plaice, bad at grammar,
Replied with a stammer,
"Well, you ain't fuf-fuf-flatter than me!"

Overheard in the Pavilion

LOOK, Auntie, Smith's opened the match by bowling a maiden over!

Oh, where? I didn't see. How careless of him! I do hope she wasn't much hurt!

Bad Be-hay-viour



OUR Brownies sometimes have a tiff When hay-making's their whim,
For Snorum says that Snip persists In making hay on him!

Not to Be Taken In

HIGHLAND Farmer: If it's a fair question, how much do you expect to get for those cows when you've finished painting them?

Artist: Oh, perhaps a hundred guineas.

Highland Farmer: What! Don't tell me, man! Why, I shan't get that for them living.

He Meant to be Polite

YOU really can't go home in this pelting rain. Better stop, and jine with us.

Oh, it's not so bad as all that!

Not Good Enough

CHEESE, Sir?
What sort of cheese do you call this? It's full of holes.

Grew—yere, sir.

Then bring me some that grew somewhere else!

Hodge's Dilemma

THERE, I've finished this haystack, and it's a fine big one, but what I want to know now is how I can get down.

Oh, just shut your eyes and walk about a bit, and you'll soon be down!

A Queer Word

A WORD there is, six letters it contains;
Take one away, and twelve you'll find remains.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle:

A Word Square
SONG
OPAL
NAME
GLEN

GENEALOGIST
EVENT RODEO
NEW TEA OWE
E SEA NIL C
RE COG EQUIP
ALACK EQUIP
LANE L UPAS
T LLAMA N
FEEL I GOOD
E BARRAGE I
ZEBRA BAREO

A Built-Up Word. V, VI, T—WIT

A Puzzle in Rhyme
Flow, low, fowl, wolf,

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 20, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

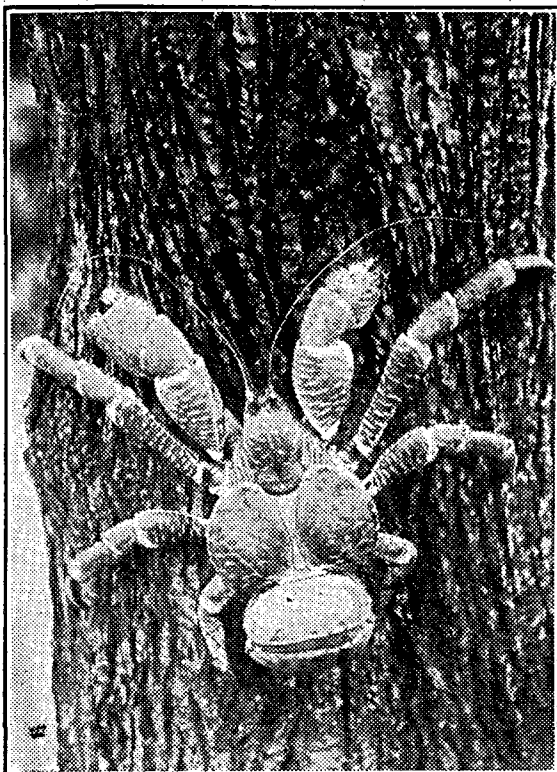
THE KING IN OILSKINS • A CLIMBING CRAB • CHIMPANZEE'S TEA PARTY



Boating on the Beach—Children on holiday at Bognor who are not old enough to go out on the sea can ride in this little boat on wheels, which is drawn along the sands by a pony



London's Fishing Season—During the school holidays the young fishermen of London have been busy in the parks. Here we see a party of them leaving Hyde Park with their catch



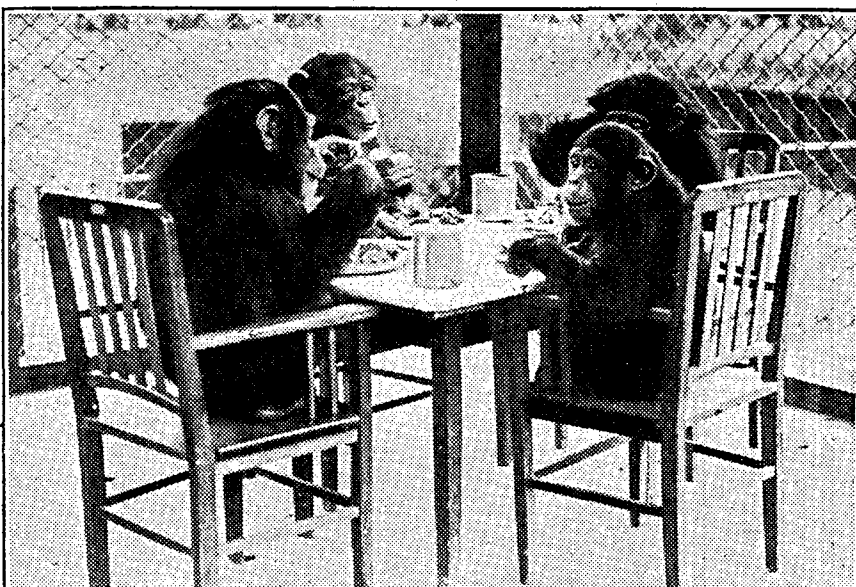
Crab That Climbs Trees—The London Zoo has received a land crab which eats coconuts. It obtains them by climbing trees, knocking down the nuts, and cracking them with its claws



The King in Oilskins—As a young man the King was trained as a naval officer, and he is still very fond of the sea. Here we see him in oilskins on his yacht Britannia at Cowes



A Cup Full of Mischief—There has been increased interest this summer in the many dog shows held all over the country. Here are two little Springer Spaniels in a cup



The Chimpanzee's Tea Party—One of the greatest attractions at the Zoo is the tea-party of the chimpanzees. Crowds of people are delighted by the display of good table manners



Scouts in a Hurry—When these Scouts were leaving London for camp they were so impatient to start that they put their kit-bags on a truck and dragged it along the railway station

WHERE ARE WE ALL GOING? READ WHAT MY MAGAZINE HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT

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